

A Medicinable

Morall, that is, the two Bookes of

Horace his Satyres, En-

glyshed accordyng to the
prescription of saint

Hierome.

Episto. ad Ruffini.

Quod malum est, muta.

Quod bonum est, prode.

The sayings of the Prophet

Hieremiah, done into
Englyshe verse.


Also

Epigrammes.

T. Drant.

Antidotis salutaris amaror.

Perused and allowed accordyng to the Quenes Maies
saies Injunctions.

 Imprinted at London in Fletestrete

by Thomas Sparke.

M. D. L. X. V. I.

TO THE RIGHT HON.
rable my Lady Bacon, and my lady Ci-
cell, sisters, fauourers of leär-
nyng and vertue.

T. DRAKE

And thus I commend it to your

Prayers, and wishes, and to the Grace of

Printed at London in the
by Thomas Sparke.
M.D.C.XVI.

TO THE READER.



GENTLE and Christian Reader, miserie from our beginninge: and tyr-
 ranpe of appetyte to our ending. The
 one will maister vs by that wee be
 borne: and the other disquyet vs to
 the verpe momente that we dye. The
 selynes of miserie, shoulde, and might be cawse in vs
 to kill, and mortefie the appetyte: but we make the
 soueraintye of our appetyte, a speedie introduction to
 all kynde of myserie. Appetyte is one waye naturall,
 and so farre to be allowed of. Againe she is a lawles
 lustinge of the fleshe, the whiche fleshe is our owne, so
 that such appetyte, or luste, is our neare allye, and in
 dede altogether slybbe vs. By the whith knotte of alli-
 aunce she will still be acquainted, and vppon longe ac-
 quaintaunce growe to a stronge, and mightie credit
 with vs: as, to leade, a misleade vs, and most vnnatu-
 rallie abuse vs, her owne naturall kinsfolke, and so-
 sterers. The fleshe wilheth after sundrye thinges, and
 that in sundrye maner: All the, whiche lustynge, is
 concupiscence, or appetite: so that Appetite is diuers,
 therfore her fructes are manifold, her fructes are sin-
 nes, the guardou of synne is deathe: and because we
 are all lothe to dye, it were wel done we should marke
 some lessons auailable, and restorative to lyfe. Sinne
 is not onely fruitfull in springinge, but if she be crop-
 ped, lyke Hydraes heades in multiplyinge. It is ther-
 fore halfe a victorve to beate her Downe: and a try-
 umphante conqueste to houlde her Downe. Neither is
 shee more stronge then slye, so that when she can not
 ouercum vs by puissaunce, she will, and doth deceyne

2. p. 2.

2. p. 2. 6.

To the Reader.

hs by guyle: and failinge to preuaile as a tyrante, she neuer faileth to plaie her pagiaunte as an Hypocryte. Northlyze therfore is she portrayed of the beste practysed, and moste hegedfull painters halfe cladde, and halfe bare. The philosphers saye, the more grosse parte is apparant: and the more hurtefull parte couered or dissembled. So that here is wyle done There was neuer yet coyne so well stamped, but there hath bene forged dyuers the lyke counterfeits: and the better coyne, the more counterfeites thereof. The moste cleare and brighte vertue, that hath, or shall florisse was neuer so modeste in attyre, but vyce (howe drabbe so euer she hath ben) hath brought to passe to be compated as demure, and matrone like. The more beautifull the vertue is the more dangerous is her vitious counterfaite. And because eche like thing tendreth his like, therfore, semblable vertues are deceiued in semblable vices. So that those vertues (sely innocentes as they be) receiue for frendes their enemies, for true and very sisters, vntrue and deceitfull foes. Under the winges of many a good vertue, slepeth soundly many a lewd vice. Likewise the likelyhode that hypocrites seme to haue with the best lyned, is to them fro tyme to tyme, a quiet and most easefull harbour. Mea, the godly oft tymes not so much had in price, as their counterfaits, dissemblyng naughtie packs. And how cometh (think you) to passe, this so blynde and disordered a tragedie? because (as I erst sayde) the more parte of vice is couered. And as fewe or none with insyghte can pearce through her clothes: so fewe or none doo attempt to deuest or plucke of her baile of hypocrisie. Horace was excellent good in his time, a muche zelous controller

of

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To the Reader.

of sinne, but chiefly one that with sharpe satyres and cutting quippes, could wel displaie and disease a glos-
ser. The holy Prophete Ieremie dyd rufully and way-
lingly lamente the deepe and masse enormities of his
tymes, & earnestly prognosticate and forspeake the so-
rie and sower consequents that came after, and sauce
with teares the hard plagues that had gone before.
Therefore as it is mete for a man of god rather to wepe
then to iest: and not vndecent for a prophane writer to
be iestyng, and merie spoken: I haue brought to passe
that the plaintiue Prophete Ieremie shoulde wepe at
synne: and the pleasant poet Horace shoulde laugh at
synne. Not one kynde of musike deliteth all passions:
nor one salve for all greuances. If a man woulde ca-
lender in mynde the sequele of tymes, and to whome the
world dubbeth as worthies, and culleth as her whel-
pes, and how for shewes and prating of pietie, she pro-
claimeth fooles holy, admireth fooles, magnifieth foo-
les: and how for not prating of pietie, or not glosyng,
she misjudgeth the wise, discrediteth the wise, prophane-
neth the wise: not a thousand Democrati, could suffice
to laugh at the one, nor a thousand Heracliti be enough
to wepe at the other. Horace because he was not in a-
ny such time, wherin pretended forwardnesse, was an
haruest to those that pretended it, and a despoiling win-
ter blaste, to that religion, wherfore it seemed to be pre-
tended: he neuer se, & with the view of his eie, which his
penslue translater can not but ouernew with the lan-
guishe of his soule. Natheles such vices as were then
flydge, and incident into that age, he assaileth fearcelly,
and ratleth by bitterly. His eloquence is somtyme to
sharpe, and therfore I haue blunted it, and so mitymes
to

To the Reader.

to dull, and therefore I haue whetted it: helping hym
to ebbe, and helping hym to rise. I began this worke
(a thyng of small accompt) two yeres agoe, or more,
and haue dispatched it by piece meale, or inche meale,
with smal preiudice or none to my studie or profession.
In the first and second Satire I haue taken it a note
beyond the text: after ward plodded on much more pre-
cisely. At the beginning he is loftie, but after ward won-
derfully calmed. I dare not warraunt the Reader to
vnderstand him in all places, no more then he did me.
Howbeit I haue made him more lightsom, well nie by
the tone halfe (a small accomplishement for one of my
continuance) and if thou canst not now in all points
perceiue him (thou must beare with me) in sooth the
default is thye own. This is a true assertion: who so
but knewe the least part of Horace his satyres, as they
were before, may now vnderstande them all in their
new Englyshe liuery.

Deut. 21. cha.

F Y R S T I haue done as the people of god were
comanded to do with their captiue women that were
handsome and beautifull: I haue shaued of his heare, &
pared of his nayles (that is) I haue wyped awaye all
his vanitie and superfluitie of matter. Further, I haue
for the moste part drawen his priuate carping of this
or that man to a general morall. I haue englisht thin-
ges not accordyng to the baine of the Latyn proprietie,
but of our own vulgar tongue. I haue interforced (to
remoue his obscuritie, and sometymes to better his
matter) much of myne owne deuylinge. I haue pee-
ced his reason, eekede, and mended his similitudes,
mollyfied his hardnes, prolonged his cortall kynd of
speeches, changed, & muche altered his wordes, but not
his

To the Reader.

his sentence: or at leaste (I dare say) not his purpose.
For shorthe if thou canste credit me: do so. If not aske
counsaile at his interpreters: and if some thinge shall
seeme to the straunglye, or not reasonablye done thou
shalte fynde (I am sencer) that it came so to passe not
bypon negligence but iudgemente. Otherwyse if anie
will deceyue him selfe in my iudgyng, he shall haue
much a doe to make me angrie. For what so is spo-
ken of me sinisterlye, through the speakers eyther euill
will, or small skill, my fashion is to be loth to heare it:
but not wrothe to reuenge it. The poet is thus: some-
tymes he wadeth verie farre in fetchinge out his mat-
ter, and somtymes he is brittle, and soone broken of
from his matter. So that thou muste be deepe witted
to begyn with him and wel witted to take him with
thee. Thou must (gentle reader) bring in thy self help
to the vnderstandinge of him, and will lyke wyse to
thyne owne amendinente. Or ells it will but fall out
with the accordinge to the tenour of this distichon.

οὐ χῶρεϊ μέγαλιν διδασχὴν ἀδιδάκτοισι ἀκούειν,
οὐ γὰρ ἀκροῦσιν οἱ μὴ δέ ποτ' ἐσλὰ μαθόντες.

Not he can gette great loze, that skilles comes to heare,
Nor those y neuer good wer taught, can naught hee beare

Priscus Grammaticus de Satyra.

Satyra est carmen acerbum, instrumentum mordax. &c.

A Satyre, is a tart and carpyng kynd of verse,
An instrument to pynche the pynkes of men,
And for as muche as pynchyng instrumentes do perse,
pcept it was full well a Satyre then.

A name of Arabique to it they gaue:
For Satyre there, doothe signifie a glaue.

Of Satyra, of Satyrus, the mossye rude,
Vnciuile god: for those that wyll their witte
With taunting gyds & glikes and gibes must bere the lode,
Strayne curtely: ne reck of mortall spyte.

Shrouded in Mosse, not shrynkyng for a shower
Deemyng of mosse as of a regall bower.

Satyre of withled waspythe Saturne may be namde
The Satyryst must be a wasper in moode,
Teste and wythe with vice and hera, to see bothe blamde
But courteous and frendly to the good.

As Saturne cuttes of tymes with equall sythe:
So this man cuttes downe synne, to coy and blythe.

Of Satyr, of Satyr thauthors must be full
Of fostred arte, infaust in ballasde breste.
To teach the worldlyngs wyte, whose witched braines are dull
The worst wyll pardie hearken to the best.

If that the Poet be not learnde in deede,
Muche maye he chatte, but fewe wyll marke his reede.

Lus. II, (I wene) was parent of this nypppyng ryme:
Pert hudlyng Horace, braue in Satyres grace.
Thy prayesd Pamphlet (Persie) well detected cryme
Syr Iuuenall deserues the latter place.

The Satyryst lones Truthe, none more then he.
An utter foe to fraude in eache degree,

The Poet

THE POET SPEAKETH

Reuerently to his patron Mæcenæ, bytterly con-
trolleth the vnconstancye of men, and their
chaungeable affections, that none of them will con-
tente him with his share: and herebpon taking occa-
sion, he doeth bende a greate parte of his artillarge a-
gainst the couetous: whose rauenous and vn-satiab-
le doings, he doeth egerly deteste and abhorre.



Ight drad Mæcenæ whats the cause
that none contente abyde
In trayned trade, that whylome choyse
or chaunce to them assyed:
But loues, and lykes, an others lote,
and nouell lyfe pursues.
Still flotes and flyts, from former fate
He brookes the same to vse.

Thunwylde warryer walke with toyle
wyth grouelyng elde for spente,
O makelesse marchaunte mumbleth he
O state with blisse vblent.
The fearefull marchaunt he again,
When waltring wyndes amayne
With plunging puffes, from Sothzen coste
and hydiouse hissing rayne,
Torments the Sea, hoistes vp the waues
that doth surmounte the sayle,
Saunce pere doth deme the souldyers gypse
for why, they fugge, they hayle
They p:case in plumpes on mortall prou
where estelones eyther bayne
Is prest: or gladsum trumpets clang
dooth blase tryumphante gayne.
The counsailer for Meede, or fee
that parles, and pleades the lawes
When at cockes crow, his gats are pushte
with hastinge Clyentes pawes.

A

Then

The first Satyre.

Then happye farmer ofte sayth he
for thou in golden sleepe

Arte soult : of mout or suite vndreamde
of barre thou beares no kepe.

The chubby the gnos that toyles and moyles
and delueth in the drowne,

If happlye he a suertie be,
so sente for into towne:

Who gapes, who galwes, who pokes, who pries
who proggs his mate but he?

Perfaye (saith he), hers all things ryse,
these people blessed be

The resydue that rests vnroulde,
the remnaunte that remayne,

Of this newe sanglde sickle flocke,
woulde pole and put to paines

*Fable a com-
mon prater.* The fabling Fabies fawling founge:
to deskaunte and describe

The route, and rabble, all a rowe
(a draughte to longe to dryue)

But that no tracte neede trouble thee,
nor ambage breede delaye,

Harke well how I will couteche this gere,
put case som god woulde saye

Your lykings all, allowde shalbe,
and thou that erste in feilde

The maces keene, the grounded sworde,
the Lucke, the targe, the sheilde,

Was wunte to wilde, wyth passage moyst:
shall cutte the frothie playne,

A merye marchaunte shalte thou row,
and thou that didste disdayne

To lyue and leade the Lawyers lyfe
shalt mucker in the grounde.

Be tradgging hence, your trades are turnde,
why stande you still in stounde?

They

9
The fyrst Satyre.

They wyll not tho, although they mighte
accepte this blisfulle boune.
Then whats the cause that Ioue thus mockd
may not condinglye soone
In irefull mode, and dyre reuenge
engourge his puffed cheekes
Gaynst all this softe: and spreed no eare
to them that hensforth seekes
And suies with pratyng prayer to chop
and chaunge their proued plighte.
But lest som man shoulde houlde me in hande
my tretys is to lyghte,
To muche with laughter interlasde
(albett the gester may
Harpe on a soothe, (ells God for byd)
and toyes may kepe and stave
Sumtimes the reeder veray well,
as those that teache in scholes,
With buttred bread, or feattusse knacks
will lewre the little foles,
To learne a pale they: A. B. C.
I will be at a poynte
Wyth nyfles now. Ile turne the leafe
and waightye thinges disiointe.
The Churle that shreds the earth, with share,
and wreakes the yeeldynge leas,
The marryner that shaues the streame
and furrouse vncouthe seas:
The Tauerneer that falssethe othes
and litle reckes to lye,
The souldyer that doth deale the battes
and makes his foes to flye
They say the cause they trauayle thus,
that thus they care and carke
Is this: That when vnnimble age
hath restte them of their warke:

A.y.

When

The fyfth Satyre.

destitute & diseased
in the old sense of
the word.

When fumbling foote denyes to meene
When hande nil houlde or hente
That then they might suffisaunce haue
leste easles neede them thente.
Pot muche vnylike the lytle ant
(a beaste of tydye toyle)
Who drawes and dragges her delycates
ore wharte the hillie soyle
By myghte of mouth, in all the may
and placed in her cell,
She stickleth, and bestirres her selfe
She huswyses it right well.
She carues it fyne, and mings it thicke
and shroudes it vnder roose
As one, that of the wynters wrathe
Were not to learne the profe,
Be yet to care for after clappes.
Whereby when Ianyuere
That myzethe all the costs wyth slete
and saddes the ginning yeare.
With aspere shours doth cause the cloudes
and welken aye to wepe.
Then Ladye Wismyer stirrs no where
shees claspde in clostet deepe.
Shee keepes her Chrystenmasse in caue
and there they make bone cheare.
They feede and feele the fruit of that,
which once they gott yfeare:
And wylfelye to, but the (alas)
not Phebus flaminge brande,
For greuouse, mumming could that make
the chillyng sentlelesse hande
For fearefull fyer, that flusheth vp
and fumes to pitchye smoke:
For stormye seas whose oppen sawes
suppes by wythout all choke

The first Satyre.

The straglinge shippes: noz weapon whet
For oughte canne the deterre
From huntynge after hurtfull horde
for whilste som such there are
That swimme in wealthe, and the surpasse
in rythes or in robes,
Thy glutton mynde will neuer stape
still, still thy stomake crobbs.
What bayles it the so quakinglye
to grubbe and grip the moulde,
And there in hucker mucker hyde
thy Noalle God thy goulde:
If that thou spende and sparple it
no dookin wyll abyde:
The deville may daunce in crosselesse purse
when coyne hathe toke his tyde.
And if thou snudge, and saue it sounde
and cofferte from the sonne
What she we then hathe thy hiden hepe
what luste is therebye wonne:
Admit on floze thou haste in floze
an hundzeth thousande mets
Of corne dehulde: what cumis thereby:
thy belly houlde noz getts
So more then myne: as if in case
to seelde thou shouldeste saye
With scrippe on backe, fulle frayghte with fode
and straichte as thou cumis there
The hungrye hunts muste haue it all,
what makes thou by this matche:
As much as he that carryeth noughte
(certes a woorthye catche.)
Or els per frendship answer this,
to him that dothe propounde
patre his guyde, and treads her steppes,
what booteth him of grounde

The first Satyre.

With ether an hundredth acres he
or els a thousande tills:
Thou saist he feddes the eye the more,
that from the huge hepe fills:
Well syz no force, if that you will
but condescende to this
That our repaste both eyot shun,
and reasonable is
To kepe the soule and Carcas cheynde
to stynte the pyning sponge
Of hungers gnaw, and that we haue
a meane of euery thyng
Why the what doste thou voste so much,
thy plumies why doste thou spreade:
What better is thy barnes, then our
smale sakes that serue our neede:
Puche lyke for southe, as if that thou
a potte or pitcher muste
With lyke lode, and mighte it fille
at fountayne hereby wste,
And yet for sonde affection, thou
to please thy greye eye,
Shouldste wende vnto the flowing streame
where greater gulfes do lye,
At whiche whilste som haue reached farre,
and proferde ouer faste,
The backe hath burst, that down they lye,
and so be drente at laste.
But he that leanes to temperaunce,
and anchoures on her loze,
And takes so muche as serues his turne,
and gapes to grype no more,
Him needes not draw the drubled dreggs
of faule by durtie poole,
For yet for deuell the thirste to haue
(as oue from vertues scholare)

Crampa

desir
in the
he is

The fyrst Satyre.

27

Creempted quite) fetche from the bym
 and ouerwhelming wanes,
 Where now and then (O iust rewardes)
 in raginge surge sum tages.
 The Cristalle springe shall worke his will
 and syluer channelde wells
 Shall yeelde ynoughe, where lurchs no dzeade,
 where slyme ne slabber dwells.
 But out (alas) the greater parte,
 with sweete empoyned bate
 Of welthe bewitchde do weene their wants
 aboundaunce in eache state
 For monye makes and mats (say they
 and coyne it keepes the coyle
 It byndes the beare, it rules the roste
 it putts all things to foyle.
 A mannes his money and no more,
 wherin confused is
 An heauen of happs, a worlde of weeles,
 an hunnye bath of blisse.
 O dottrells dome, and is it so:
 what guardon for these doultes
 Shall we deuyse: lets suffer still
 the folishe frantypke foultes
 To wallowe in their wilfulnes,
 whose vnder eating myndes
 Is neuer crainde, but pzois for more,
 and swarnes not from their kyndes.
 Such one we reade of in olde tyme
 that dwelte in Athens towne
 A man in substance passinge ryche
 nathlesse a niggerde cloune,
 At whose scarceheade and couetyse
 the worlde did outas make,
 But all in bayne, he forst it not
 he sought not howe to flake.

A. iij.

Blache

The first Satyre.

Blacke fame, that frisked euery where
 and bounsed at ythe eare,
 A figge for them (of brasse face)
 I force not howe I heare,
 They haue, they hem, they hiss at me,
 I weygh it not an haire,
 Whilste I may harbor in mine arke,
 and lodge wythin my lawe,
 My darlynge goulde, my leaneeste guesse,
 my solace and my glee,
 He is the bone companion,
 its he that cheares vp me,
 Ah simple cheare consyderinge all,
 graue Tantal in thyn hearte,
 His lee dyd feede his fatalle falle,
 his mucke procured his snarfe,
 Whose lippes as dyve as any hyke,
 dothe ofte assay to taste,
 The licker, to allay the droughte,
 that hathe nye, all to waste,
 His intralls sternde for lacke of moyste,
 the fluds to be his pastime,
 They clim vnto his veray chynne,
 and then declyne agayne,
 He catcheth and he snatcheth aye,
 and stille he grates in teene,
 And stille shall do, for panges stille springe,
 and freatinge sorowes greene,
 I pray the now what cause haste thou
 to spozte and pleasaunce take,
 To faune vppon thy folishe goulde,
 whiche endlesse greefe doth make,
 For thou induriste Tantal's fate,
 and takynge but his name,
 This tale maye well be tolde of the,
 thou arte the veray same.

15

The first Satyre.

Thy house, the hell, thy good the flod,
which thouge it doe not starte,
For stirre from the, yet hath it so
in houlde thy scruple hearte,
That though in fopsonne fülle thou swimmes,
and rattles in thy bagges,
Yet taste thou arte with dreedefulle dreames,
thy mynde it waues and wagges,
And wisheth after greater things,
and that, thats worst of all,
Thou sparest it, as an holpe thyng,
and doste thy selfe in thralle
Unto thy lowte, and coxescome lyke
thou doste but fille thine eye:
With that, which shoulde thy porte preferre
and hope thyne hono^r hie.
Thou scannes it, and thou toots bypponte
as thouge it were a warke
By practyse painters hands portrayde
with shadowes luttel darke.
Is this the perfyte ende of coyne?
be these the veray bayles
That money hath, to serue thy syghte?
eye eye thy wylsedomne sayles.
Tharte misse insenke, thou canste not bste
thou wotes not what to do
Withall, by cates, bye breade bye drinke,
in fyne disburse it so,
That natura neede not moue her selfe,
no^r with a betiments scant
Distrainte, and pricked, passe forth her dayes
in pyne and pinchinge want.
To wake all nyghte, with shineringe corple,
both nyghte and day to quake,
To set in dreade, and stande in awe
of theeues, lest they shoulde breake

Per

The first Satyre.

Perforce thy dozes, and robb thy chests,
and carue thy weasaunte pyper;
Leste flickeryng fyre shoulde stroye thy denne,
and seale wyth wastefull gryppe,
Upon thyne house, lest runagats
should pilfer ought from thee,
Be these thy gaines, by rytyches repde;
then this behest to me.
O Ioue betake, that I may be
deuoyde of all those goddes
That bzeues such banefull broyles, or bynges
of feare suche gastfull fluddes.
But if so bene the pauling colde
thy limmes dooth ouergo.
Or els sum other woofse disease
hath daunte thy body so,
That downe thou must, and byde in bed,
thy vauntage then is great,
At elbowe preste thou hast thy frendes
who will prouide the meate,
And tender the euen as them selaes,
confections sweete or tarte
Theyll minge for the, such as beste lykys
thy qualye wamblynge hearte.
Theyll treate the fyne physition
with potions sounde and sure,
By force and vertue of his skill
thy corps for to recure,
And to restore thee to thy soymes
and kyndely fryndes againe.
Alas the whyle its no pointe so,
thy wyfe she workes thy bayne,
Thy sonne he inlye lothes thy lyfe,
his regreate and his plainte
Is euer freshe, because that death
doth linger to attapnte

Thy

7
The first Satyre.

Thy hatefull heade, thy neyghbours, and
thy cheefe acquaintaunce all
Thy sacke, thy gille, thy kith, thy kinne
doth prosecute thy fall.
What maruayle ist, when thou hast loude
thy spluer as thy lorde,
If none loue the, whose loutishe lyfe
deserude no louinge worde?
But if thou thinckes thy alyes to linke
in frindshippe and in faythe,
And wenste thou maiste with smale a do
from breache and solishe wrathe
Kepe tyde the knot that nature knit:
Ah sillye manne, in bayne
Thou doste surmise this fruitlesse fetch,
its farre beyonte thy brayne:
Perseueraunce in amitie,
and duraunce still in lone
Discoydeh muche from sickle man,
thou maiste as well aboue
The sluggish asse a saddle couche,
with golde and perle befret,
And strayne his iawes, with bydle braue
with goldsmiths yve ybet,
And so to make him prauance, and plunge,
to frishe, and gamballs fetch,
To chewe vppon the spelwinge bit,
and at his foes to retche,
With harnessse houle: as thou canste learne
the fraille retzyng man
To treade in trace of frothe outryghte
in truth as he beganne.
In fyne, suppress thy letwode desyre
the more thou haste in store
The lesse passe thou for pouertye,
do trauaile for no more

Sence

The first Satyre.

Sence thou accomplishe haste thy wille,
 and purchesde wealthe at ease:
 Be not lyke *Vmidus*
 whose rauenouse disease.
 It is not longe for to discourse,
 he that he myght vpturne
 His coumed coyne, with shoules wyde,
 him selfe durste not adorne
 With any weede that wealthe besettes,
 but lyke a miser ryghte,
 More ragged then a fatterde coulte
 did passe the poreste wyghte
 In peces and in fatter wagges:
 whylste that he had his wynde,
 And drewe his breathe: he spent no lote,
 afraide that he shoulde fynde
 Peade in oulde age: but (loe his wyfe
 of greakishe dames most skoute:
 With grounded are cutte him in twaine,
 and risted him thzoughoute.
 What: is it beste lyke *Menius*
 the make away, to lyue:
 Or shalle I lyke *Nomenianus* } prodigall performer,
 my goddes to giglotts geue:
 A godlye dishe, who taughte the this:
 why doste thou thus compare
 Extremities: Is there no shifte,
 all spende, or els all spare:
 I woulde the not a nipfarthinge,
 nor yet a niggarde haue,
 Wylte thou therefore, a drunkard be,
 a dingthyste, and a knauer
 There is a difference betwixte
 the gelded Cynike *Tauc*:
 And *Ierniosus*, hote as coles
 that rancke vnclenly swaine.

Conetouse.

Poet.

19
The fyrst Satyre.

A meane there is in matters all,
and certaine bondes be pyghte,
On this syde or beyonde the whiche
no thinge thats good canne lyghte.
But after longe vagaryes fetchde,
to come to my requeste,
How happeneth it, his owne estate
that no man lyketh beste?
But teenes if that his neyghbours goate
a bygger bagge doth beare
Then his, or peeldes hez mylke sum deale
more flowyng and more cleare:
For euer will compare him selfe
vnto the greater sorte,
Whose state is base, and bad as his,
who lyues in meane appoorte.
But roues, and shoots at further marks,
now him he doth contende
To passe in coyne: now him again,
and so there is no ende.
For he that thyncks to coate all men
and all to ouergoe,
In runnyng shall sum ritcher fynde
who still will bid him hoe.
Suche postters may be likened well
vnto the carters oulde
Of forayne worlde, on mounte Olimpe
whose carts when they were roulde
With gyrefull sway, by course swyfters,
to winne the glistring branche.
They ierted vp their horse with whippes,
that forth they made them launche,
With boysterouse noyse, lyke thunder clappes,
they made the quaueryng soyle
To dindle and to shake againe,
in hope of lawzell spoyle.

Ther

The fyrst Satyre.

They neuer had respecte to those
that once were caste behynde,
But scourde to geue the reste the slip,
wyth course as wyghte as wynde.
Ryght semblablye, this carkynge kynde
of men, doe neuer eye
The route that they haue ouerrun
in goodes but haste, and hye
To retche the resydue and loe
do ayme aboue theyr strengthe
To prycke, and pearse those marks, and whyts
that lye withoute their lengthe.
Loe this is euen the veray grounde,
this is the perfyte cause,
That most mislyke them selues so muche,
and can no season pause
In blessingnes: and this is it.
why very selde we fynde
A man so cloyed with the worlde
as he that new hath dynde
Is with his meate, and that thers none
which in their extreames dayes
Will parte from lyfe, as full from feaste
to goe theyr homeward wapes.
To bannish all excesse of talke,
let this suffice as now,
And lest thou shouldest suppose by space
my talke myghte ouergrow
In bulke the bleare eyde Crispins roole
whose tounge on pattans free
Did retchlesse run, euen here I cease
not one worde more of me.

Crispine a
wyter against
conetouse to
excesse in
talke.

THE POET STIL BLAMETH
ficklenes and vnstedfastnes as of those, whiche
labo

The second Satyre.

laborynge to sayle fro the pycksom poole of
auarice, do willyngly contende to make shipwracke
by the infortunate waues of prodigalitye: he spea-
keth againste fashions: they are thoughte to be noyses
of pryde, and follye.

The seconde Satyre.

The stewes, and stained house of drabbes,
thappotycares neate,
The beggers, and the tumblyng trulle:
the hozehunters, the greate
And flockynge rakehell rabblement
of ragges and raskals all

Be pensife, and throughe plungde with pangos
to see the funeralle.

Of Tygille, trustye frinde of theires,
who whilste he lyued here,
Dyd carolle shrylle, and trimly tune
his sonets sweete, and cleare.

Their cause of greafe is sone expressede:
he was both free and francke,

They hanged on him, his purse kepte them
so croustye, and so crancke.

But this man, cleane contrarpye toyle,
teschue, and shun the name

Of spendall, and of scatter good,
and fearynge such lyke blame

That doth ensue outragious spence,
he will not geue nor lende

One crosse of coyne, to clothe or feede
his nedie naked frende.

An other, if thou question him
why that he doth deuoure

His syre, and granlyres goodes,
and turneth towne, and tower

• All. Courtous.
to aske

Prodigall.

All

second
The first Satyre.

All into noughte, throughe greedynes
and soule delyting throte:
And why that he by gluttanye,
and stomake raging hote
Discounsaile, doth make assayle
of landes, and lordshippe wyde
To bye such curiouse cates, as beste
will done his gullet glyde:
His answer is not farre to fetch,
posthaste he will the saye,
That he doth thus set cocke on hope
and lauishly outlay
This mucke, & drosse the worlde hath sent,
because he wolde not seeme
Lyke one of carlish abiecte minde,
so vyle a thing tellme.
That answer say the neuer thristes,
was geuen in the Cue,
Well fare his hearte: the chuffes the same
with deepe dysprayse pursue.
Fusidius, a landed man,
a man whose fertile feyldes,
Whose medowes sayre, & glebye groundes
reuenues ample yeeldes:
A man by art of vsarpe,
by guyle, and treachers trade,
By fraude, and couin full of goods,
is beray soze afrayd
To spende amongst the good companie,
leaste on such plankes might springe
A iauall, or a ruffins name,
or sum such heynouse thinge.
This Fusidie, to fille his purse,
and to enritch his store,
What soeuer cums by vlers skylle,
to get, and gender more,

^{second}
The thyrd Satyre.

He lays it to the captaine heape,
whereof it rose, and grew:
He takes by yere the fittes of all,
and so he bredeth new.
And if a man through negligence,
perhapps be caste behynde,
At partyng he shall pay for that
such fetches will he fynde.
Heild go me lyke a craftye coulte,
and listen euerye where,
To vnderstande the names of those
that late delyuered were
From gouernment of masters sharpe,
and ginnes to weare the weede,
That onlye manhood doth besmeare:
there there, he sowes his seede.
He mings deceite, he plyes the bore,
he strues me suche a frayne,
That straichte he is with them to bringe,
(God wotes) vnto their payne.
Thunbrydled bzutes, the youncers that
are paste the cure and charge
Of Tutors graue, lyke lustye laddes,
do loue, to roue at large,
To roiste, and renell wyth the beste,
in suits of silkes to flaunte:
The harde headed fathers they denye
such spences vaine to graunte:
Then cums this fore, this *Fusidie*,
wyth money presse in hande,
He byes before their fathers death
their lyuelode, and their lande,
Who hearynge such malingen wroughte
doth not abrade, and crye,
Vppon the greatestte God of all,
that flings the fates from hye:

He would

^{second}
The third Satyre.

But they, the sillye fonded soles,
(suche be the youthfull braines)
Do feaste him, for his louefom loue,
and highly praise his paines
Certes, a man shoulde scarce beleue,
how much this louelye wighte,
Whome others loue, doth loue him selfe,
how he doth decke, and dighte
His surlye corps in ryche array,
what table he doth kepe,

Menedemus. Almoste as greate as did the sludge,
whome Terence toulde to stepe,
And syncke in sorowes, and in sobbes,
for that he chaste his sunne
To Asie, there to pyke his trunche,
which deád vnkynde one donne
He brake vp house, put myse to grasse,
him selfe fed nothing fyne,
With coleworthes, and such carcers rates,
ofte woulde the cartyse dyne,
But here, if sum p^rec^rhyaske,
what doth this processe meane?
It is to shew, that whylste sum men
take care to kepe them cleane,
From blame, & blotte of one grosse synne,
incontiente they are caughte,
Intangled with the contrarper:
lyke dullerdes neuer taughte,

**A newe faged
minton of that
age.**

Malkin. to make him singuler,
a fashion freshe hath founde,
He swings and swoopes from stræte to stræte,
with govine that sweepes the grounde,
And thincke you **Malkin** wants his mates?
no fe, that were a misse,
An other pleasaunte headed chylde,
in no sauce lyketh this.

25

second
The third Satyre.

To proue hymselfe a pretye man,
and quaynte in his deuyse,
He maketh his garmente to be shapde,
not of so large a sylle:
For wote you what? he couertalls it,
it hardlye hydes his rumpe,
Rufillus, heis perfumde with muske:
Gorgoni, smelles oth pumpe.
Peane, hath no mantion in this flocke,
they kepe no steedy stay
In matter, and in nouell shape,
they barpe euery day.
Sum one, or other lode starre stille,
and what that he doth ble,
The resydue may not ne will,
for fashion sake refuse.
Fashions in all our gesterings,
fashions, in our attyre,
Which (as the wyse haue thoughte) do run,
and goe in circled gyre.
Fashions, in nattyng of the heare,
in parynge of the nayles,
In Dtho, and mustacho beardes,
thus fashions neuer fayles.
In thother sere, who woulde rehearse
their fashions, as they be,
Myghte euen as well by augrisme tell,
the grauell of the See.
Those curiouse croustinge courtly dames,
whose spangled bestures sheene,
With stones and pearles, of pryde, and pryse,
and emrades heauenlye greene,
Doth geue the glimmeringe, gloriouse shewe,
that feedes the gasers eyes,
And dasses quyte the simple lokes,
with leames, that from them flyes:

Sweate and
syne,
The golden mean.

A.B.

B.H.

The

The thyrd Satyre.

The woꝛlde perchauce doth thincke them gay,
and in a chiefe degree:
They be no better creatures,
then other people be:
Noe outwarde thynge doth better vs,
no not our noble kynde:
Not pearles, oꝛ golde: but pearlesse giftes,
be praysed in Godlye mynde.
All els is toyes, and all is bayne,
and all when they haue tryde,
Will once confesse these things to be,
but nutriments of pryde.

HE REPREENDETH
those, who be sharpe accusers of others vices,
and can be contente, either not to see, oꝛ dissem-
ble their owne. He dispraiseth the Stoickes discipline,
who thoughte, all sinnes to be a lyke, and equallye to
be punished: merylye after his maner, he beginneth
with the minstrel Tygill, and disaloweth of his mu-
tabilitie of lyfe.

The third Satyre.



It is a faulte, a common faulte,
that all our minstrels vse:
The more you seme to craue a songe,
the more they will refuse.
Requesse them not they neuer cease:
righte so woulde Tygill saye,

A singer of Sardinia,
thoughe Cesar shoulde not spare,
For his, and for his fathers sake
sum musyke to requyre.

27
The thyrd Satyre.

Yet woulde his humble suite ofte tymes
cum thorte of his desyre.

He myghte haue forsoe him therunto:
but Tygelle, if it had

Cumde in his braine, woulde of him selfe,
take on, as he were mad.

He, Bacchus ballets woulde reorde
sumtymes, the tribble parte

Sum tymes, the quauerynge deshandours
sumtymes, to baunte his arte,

A boysterouse basse he bounsed out,
and tumbled on his stringes,

No dram he had of constancy:
so fickle in his things.

Ofte tymes, he ran, as fled from foe
oftetymes in solemne pace

He woulde proceade, as though he were
in seruyng Junos grace.

Sumtymes, an hundreth wayting men,
sumtymes he kepthe but ten:

Sumtymes he spoke of potentats,
and on his honour then

Was all his talke: sumtymes, let me
one dishe well dighte haue,

(Thus woulde he say), and one course golowne
my corps from coulde to saue.

To this good husbnde, that coulde be
with pittance smale content,

If sum good frendly man, of hope
ten hundred crownes had lent.

Within fyue dayes, no groate he had,
in purse, ne yet in chesse:

All nighte he wakde, whilste moorning came,
all day he toke his reste.

Was neuer man so litle stayde.
but sum, will say to me,

W. it.

And,

The thyrd Satyre.

And what are you, sum selfe saintes,
nay, halfe as ill as he:

One Meuius, did frumpe and floute
at Neue, then awaye:

A frende of his, a stander by,
what serry what I say:

(Quod he): doste thou not know thy selfe,
nor thincke that we the knowe:

* Meuius, * My selfe, yes, I wincke at my selfe:

* Po, * So therfore, a wincking dawwe:

This is, a wicked, witlesse, loue,
not to be wincked at:

Synce, thou doste know, and see thy sinne,
and vse to wyinke at that:

What meaneste thou, in others faults,
so pearlsantly to pry

Epidaure
taken for all
kynde of scr-
ypts.

With Egles syghte, or Epidaurs
that luttle serpentis eye:

But if in case, an other carpe
sum cryme, he sees in thee,

He is too rashe, and vndiscreete,
and no god fellowe he.

A sheepe, a berey gestynge stocke,
he treades his shoe awyre,

His gowne sits slacke, his heade vnkempte,
vnciupe, by and by.

But he his good, and godly to,
and one that wills the well,

And thoughe his bodye be not braue,
greate witte may in him dwell.

Well, ryfle thou thy conscience,
and loke thou be not led

With any vyce, which nature hath,
or custome in the bred.

In feildes vnforowde frute is none,
for brakes all ouer growes;

The thyrd Satyre.

To blowe retreat, and to retorne
 from whence my matter flowes:
 If we doe strongly loue a thing,
 and lyke verey muche,
 Thoughe faultes in it be euidente,
 Yet we will see none suche.
 I woulde, in race of anytpe
 such dotage we might vse,
 And that vertue, by honeste name,
 such curtsye woulde excuse.
 For as the father for ill shape,
 his sonne doth not disdayne:
 So frendes, at times, must beare with frendes,
 though faultes in them remayne.
 The sonne he squynts, the father saythe
 he hath a pincking eye,
 His legges misshapde, the father sayth,
 his legge but standes awrye.
 The parents pleasure much, to praysle,
 and prattle to the ladde,
 Thy foote is verey greate (sayth he)
 thy foote is swelde to badde.
 Hast thou, a frende, that dyets harde:
 Well, call him thristye than:
 Hast thou, a frende, a bragging lout:
 call him a tollye man:
 The king of fellowes, amongst frendes,
 for hym no better name.
 Hast thou, a frende, with face of brasse,
 that bragges without all shame:
 Compte him, of stearne, and haughtye hearte,
 that, well dare speake his mynde:
 That will not flatter, nor yet feare,
 how soeuer blowes the wynde.
 If, he be suttle, call him sage,
 if wylpe, call him wylpe:

B. iij.

This

* Sisyphus.

The thyrd Satyre.

This, this is it, that winnes thy frendes,
and win, in frendship tyes.
But we, full ill construction,
of vertue selfe, do make
And et ciones, do eclippes the praisse
thats due for vertues sake.
For, if wyth vs be conuersaunte
sum humble, lowly soule
We calle him goose, and disarde doulte,
and fowlye fatted nowle.
And, if a man deale warplye,
and beare him selfe bypryghte,
Amongste such folke, as foster fraude,
and practyse sylve sleighte,
For name of skilfull, wyttie man,
and one that takes good heede
He is a deepe dissemblyng man,
and craftye for his meede.
It, that a man can not conceale,
but tell his verdicte free,
(As I Mecenas patrone myne)
haue done full ofte to thee:
It, that he speake to one thats whishte,
or loketh on his booke,
Or talke not all in prynces of tyme,
(say we) this coddes heade, (loke)
This asse, doth wante his comon sence.
woes me, and oute, (alas)
How doe we aggrauate such lawes,
as gainste our selues doth passe?
For, faultlesse (doubteles) bozne is none,
and he, is euen the beste,
Whose, lyfe sincere admitteth fewe,
and with the leaste is presse.
A frindly man, (as meete it is)
the good, with bad will wey,

joher rowle

The thyrd Satyre.

If much be bad, and more be good,
let soulderde frendship stay.
Let vs, in equall ballaunce paise,
and do as we woulde haue:
Wouldste thou thyne owne offences cloke:
in others faultes not raue.
It is but ryght, that mum, shoulde mum,
and perdon, perdon craue.
For shorte, in that, the vyce of wrathe
will be our tenaunte still,
And brutishe parte of moodie mynde,
will lodge sections ill:
Why do we not, by reasons rule,
and by proportion iuste,
Deme of the cryme, as it is done,
and mulcte it as we muste?
If, that the maister byd his man,
from borde to take a dishe,
The man, doth sipple by the brothe,
or feede on broken fishe:
His maister, hangs him straichte bypponte:
who will not houlde him mad:
As Labec? and why not thou
as frantpke, and as bad?
Thy frende offendes, and graunts his guilt,
thou, wilt him not forgeue,
What arte thou then? a testye churle,
greate pittye thou shouldest lyue.
If thou him hate, and shun his syghte,
(as Drusos betters doe)
Thou shalte be dresde, lyke Drusos selfe,
he, for to lend to moe,
Doth sheare, and shauie and powle, and presse;
well, when his audit cums,
When he most hopes of best recepte
and to suruewe his sums,

Labio a la-
mthe toun-
gu-d lo sel,
who still
was bar-
kyng at Jus-
gult.

3 creditours.

Then:

The thyrd Satyre.

Then, gawlye wordes (for ferre of stryppes)

(when he his coumpts hath red)

He doth put vp, with cap, and knee,
at those which from him fled.

A good felow, Euander, cumis vnto my house,

perhapps, he dzyricks to much,

Dz breaks a iugge, oz stains my golwne,

oz, eats my dyat, such,

As was preparte, and plasde for me,

is he, the lesse for this,

A merry grigge, a iocande frende,

for euery syllye misse?

Shoulde I, go baull a maine at him,

as he had pickte my purse,

Dz me discryde, his pledge denyed

oz done sum thinge, thats woꝛse?

Who, almost hath at any tyme

thoughte falses of equall weyghte?

Philosophers, (that bookish broode)

may, teache the thinge by sleighte

But skille, and practyse counterplea,

and profit it denyes,

Profyte, the nurse of iuste, and righte,

as tyme, and sequele tryes.

When man, abandon firste the earth,

and scraulde out of the moulde,

(A dum vnwylde creature)

thzough hunger, and thzough coulde,

For foode, and harbour gan they fray:

at firste, with toth, and nayle,

And then, with clubbes, and then with swoꝝ?

which vse, had taughte tassayle:

Whilste wordes, ambaldoꝝ of the heart

(for to bewzay the mynde)

Were put in vze: and names applyed,

then, to conserue their kynde,

They

Justice rather by profite then nature.

32

The thyrd Satyre.

They sealke from warres: made reare by walles:
 and poundinge lawes did make,
 That none should filche, nor any robbe,
 that none shoulde wedlocke brake.
 For, o, that cytyes had their walls,
 o, Helen, came to Troye,
 Haue women, bathed the worlde in blood,
 (the cause of dyre annoye)
 But, of the slayne was no recorde:
 they raunged, in eatche where,
 So spousailes knowne, more brute, then beastes,
 the make, knew not his feare.
 The mightieste man, lyke Bulle in herde,
 did wreake, the meaner sorte:
 Thus, graunte you must, that feare of wzonge,
 set ladye lawe in forte.
 If, thou wilt calender in mynde,
 the consequents of tydes,
 By notinge, longe dyssente of tyme,
 in what effecte, it glydes:
 Well maiste thou see, that nature telth,
 What lyke, what leaue, we muste,
 Yet, nature, hath no pollycye,
 to seuer wzonge, from iuste.
 But reason, bearing stroke in that,
 for profit patrons ryghte
 If, reason reele, the, profytte paynts,
 reason, saues both, by mighte,
 And, as she dothe: so, will not thee,
 vse argument, that he,
 Which stealthe from hedge, and stealthe from church,
 in lyke offence shoulde be.
 Let, discipline alleued be,
 in measure, to the vyce,
 When, lyghte correction may take place,
 fare not, in tyzaunts wyse:

wreck

hellath

The thyrd Satyre.

Pe yet, when greate outrage, is wroughte,
with ferule, doe not stryke.
Where iustice flakes, there feare decayes,
when, thou makste all faults lyke,
As purloyninge, with burglarie,
or robbinge by the way,
Trespasse, with crymie, doth not thy doume,
for dome to vs, and say:
That, thou, indede, in lyke effecte,
wouldste erecute, the thinge,
It choyle, by voyce, had hoyle the vp,
inuested, once a kyng:
A kyng, eche stoicke, is kyng,
for, stoicks all, be wyse:
And, wysdome, is it selfe, a wealthe:
throughe wealthe, do princes ryle:
Wysdom, is all: but, thou arte wyse:
then, safelye, be of cheare,
Thou art sayre, stronge, and eke, a kinge,
a cobler, though thou were.
What, wilt thou more? Sto: yes, Chrysip sayes,
the wyse man, mends no moyle,
Nor, soles no shoes: Doe: lo, thus, thou weanes,
to turne me, to a toyle.
The wyse man, though he leane the arte,
reteynes the arte, as how:
Hermogines, sings not, at all:
Pet, musyke, he doth know.
Alphenus, made away, his toles,
broke, Chop vp, longe a goe,
Is he, not, an artyficer,
or not, a craftes man, thoe?
The wyse knowes moste, who, knowesth moste,
muste, beare awaye the name
Of facultye: de batte, them not,
but, let them, haue the same:

15
The thyrd Satyre.

For rule a realme, is facultye,
which, none, but wyse, can tell:
If the y can rule, though, they rule not,
Kynge, are they, by this spell.
The stoicke, wyse: the wyse, can rule:
to can, is, full as much,
As, though he did: a Realme, he can:
then, let his name, be suche.
Can rule, is rule: none can, but wyse:
the stoicke, only wyse:
The stoicke, therfore, only kinge,
by this, so strapte a ryle.
Pea, stoicke, arte, thou create kynge,
then, must thou, mainteyne porte:
Els, waggis, in streets, will twitche, thy bearde,
and make, at the, a sporte.
Excepte, thou take the, to thy handes,
and fence the, with a stick:
Theille, make the brasle, for agonye,
in crowding, the so thicke.
And, thou, a wyse, wit puissaunte kinge,
that, houlde thy crowne, by witte:
Shalte, be enforste, to howle, and crye,
(for suche a state, vnfitte.)
In brieft, when, thou, a king, at meales,
dosste ryle, or, syt thee downe,
So, soze preysse, thou arte, that, none
will hyde thee, but, sum clowne.
But, if, that I, miscarpe oughte,
my frendes, will make, the beste,
So, I, to them, so, they, to me,
and this, ingendzeth rest.
Thus, doe I passe, my pleasaunte dayes,
and feare, no stormye thinge,
This priuate lyfe, I woulde not chaunge,
with the, pretended kynge.

Witte alone
insufficiant
in regalitie,
if
it be bereft of
other solemne
and laudable
appertynents.

Cryspine.

De,

The fourth Satyre.

HE DEE N D E T H H I M
 selfe, againste those who had reported him to
 haue ben slaunderouse, sharpe, and corrosiue:
 He toucheth *Lusilius* not to condemne his doings, but
 to haue the amended. He professeth to speake againste
 no man, vppon superfluitie or disease of the braine,
 but vpon a mere franchnesse, & libertye of the mynde:
 specially, he rebuketh them, which will kycke & resiste
 when they should be cured.

The fourth Satyre.



The Poet *Aristophanes*
Eupolis, and *Cratylus*,
 And auncients moe, whose interludes,
 are sauie, with sayings syne,
 If any person were misproude,
 in theste, or leachers lore,
 Or were a roasting quaveller,
 they woulde display him sore,
 Hence, *Lusili* bozoud all his vaine,
 those presidents, he toke
 The matter sharpe, the faete, but chaungde,
 the forme, full sleke, did loke.
 In deed, the sence was too to farte,
 within an holwers spece,
 Two hundred verses he woulde make,
 thoughte he, a giste of grace.
 And woulde not moue his foote withall,
 But, huddle he would roule,
 To halfe, mighte well bene scummed of
 an ydle chatting soule.
 A milke sop long to pen a worke,
 much more to pen it well,
 The lengthe is not materiall,
 the scapes he muste expell.

The fourth Satyre.

Crispinus, that greate length louer
 witth finger, doth me call,
 And darreins combats, if I dare,
 should Crispine me appall:
 Pay, thers my gloue, gene belom here,
 gene iudges tyme and place,
 Lets see which one can more indyte,
 and with a better grace.
 Well haue the godds appointed me,
 of no corragious witte,
 And speakynge seelde that I ne shoulde,
 confounde the foule with it.
 But thou (say Crispine) in thy mynde,
 assembles fannes ofte,
 As bellows sup and belch out wyndes,
 to make the yron softe.
 I learne not so to pusse and blowe,
 saine Fannie followe well,
 That thou bestowde in furlye tombs:
 thy statues here may dwel.
 As for my workes oblition:
 will raze them out of minde:
 A fewe or none that will, or dare,
 behoulde them can I fynde.
 Wote you not why? cozlosue stile,
 is cozsey to the eye.
 They dreame a thing that blamed here,
 their counterfette should lye.
 They dreame a truth for fynde me one,
 amongste the sonnes of men:
 But loue of goods, or loue of rule,
 doth sonde him now and then.
 Sum, lyue catelnd in cupids chaines,
 and sum loue blasinge golde,
 And sum a sum of syluer whyte,
 or curraunte metall woulde.

Fannie an
 arche of the or
 blockheade in
 whose memos-
 riall was ere-
 cted a block.

fourth
The ~~abyrd~~ Satyre.

Sum, kepe erchaunge, from Caste, to Weste,
and soze vpon the Seas:
Losse and retosse, (lyke wherly wynde daste)
ekynge theyr owne diseale,
For mainteynaunce, of gotten stocke,
or els to make it more.
All these do stande in awe, of rymes,
and hate the Poets soze.
The Poets prayne, beware (say they)
that they may ieste their fill,
They spare no speache, they spare no frende
foles laushe, and to ill.
And if their toyes, in letters lymde
be prynced once in booke:
Then all the worlde muste take the beue
and all sortes on them loke,
If this be true: then harke againe,
I am no Poet, I.
No Poet, such as is discryude,
am not I so: and why?
Pot he a Poet, that can make
an haltinge hudyngge verse:
Pot he in paltrye daylie talke
that can his tale reherse.
Him Poet dub, whose wit is sharpe,
whose mynd doth mounte on hye
Whose throat is thyrle in trumpet wyse,
to couteche mennes acts in skye.
Therfore demaunde hath once bene made,
if comedies myghte be
A poecye, sythence in them
the spirit puffes not free.
No gorgiouse sounde in worde or sence,
saue that in verse it runs:
From prose in differs but by foote,
but (lo) the father burns

The fourth Satyre.

In pelting chafe, for that his sonne
on wantons maddes is,
And leaues a spouse of noble dowrie
this breeds a tempeste, this.
And that with torche in twylightinge
he treades the rompe streets,
How say you haue not co medies
they? vigors, and their spreets.
Obe Pomponie, if he had lyude,
what stirre now woulde he keepe,
(Thinge comicall because his sonne)
is drente in debte so deepe.
And what thoughe father Pomponie,
should grate his gaule in twaine,
Affection makes no poeue,
but lustye, lostye bayne.
Its not inough to pen a verse,
in vernishde wordes and pure,
Eche worde alone, muste haue his sounde,
and seme not to demure.
Those simple wordes, playmakers vse,
those vse Lusill and J.
So nyse, so neate, so humerouse,
that alls not worthe a flye.
Disorder but the glydinge gate,
the wordes appeareth fame,
No glose there is of maiestie,
not such as in this same.
Foule moodie Mars broke bralen bars,
bare bouldred bouldwarke backe.
These wordes transpolde, yet eche one hath
of Boesye a smacker.
And thus much now an other tyme
if rymes allowde may be.
But now, why shoulde this kynde of stile,
be so suspete in me.

Pomponius
an impatient
negard.

glose -
✓

The fourth Satyre.

*Bierus and
Cillus,
for all naugh-
tie packers.

Promoters seeke, and pere eche where,
and vse to worke much woe,
Accusynge and molestynge men,
wheresoeuer they do goe.
Feared, and muche adrad of theen,
and losels loose of lyfe,
Not fearde, of those that pilfer not,
nor broche no bhabling stryfe.
Admit, thou warte a naughtie pecke,
as dyuers other be,
I am not one that both promote,
why arte thou frayde of me?
My verses geue no gale from walls,
ne yet in fauernes lye,
Not Tylle nor such alecunners,
my workes do ouerpye.
I shew them but to veray frendes,
and at their greate requeste,
Not to eche hobb, nor euery where,
sum be that thinke it beste,
Their quayne deuyles to proclame,
in market sayre, and marte:
To reade them graue, & sounde them braue,
and to vnfolde their arte,
Such pleasure, haue pryde practisers,
who do it not to mende,
Nor learne aduencie in thinges,
for no such honest ende.
A malliperte, a merchaunte I
of mallyce (thou wilt say)
I vse this talke: whence illude this,
gainste me that thou doste lay?
Or which of my companions
hath this instilde to the?
Who pincheth at his frende, not presse,
or if he burdied be.

Doffe

41
The fourth Satyre.

Doth not alleuyate his blame,
who scoffes to make men smile,
Who pyles for to be plausible,
and doth his flowtinge file,
Who can inuente things neuer mente,
who nothyng can conceale:
Such one is naughtes, beware of him,
and naughte to him reueale.
Sumtymes, at table thou shalt see,
a dosen more or lesse,
Eche seekyng eche, or to harte the thynns,
with tauntes and tearmes to dresse.
Their hoste they spare, for manner sake,
till Bacchus tyde be by:
Then out muste all mine hoste, myne hoste
is scande at euery cop.
Rayling thou hates, yet doste thou coumpte
raylers but mery men,
God felowes, francke and free of speache,
If I haue tested then,
A Rusills taste, Gorgonies smell,
(two paragons of pryde)
I am no freatinge ghoste therfore,
nor flaundrouse: all things tryde.
If chaunce we talke of Petills pranches
how he from tower stole,
A massye peece of bullion golde,
(to twyne thy tale in hole)
Thou shapest it thus: (as is thy trade)
Petille I know him well,
I haue sum cause, to speake for him,
for he and I did dwell
Of childerne little, in one house,
my fellow and my frende,
Much hath he done, for me at tymes,
I founde him euer kynde.

C. 4. And

The fourth Satyre.

And yet I marvel how he coulde
rub out this trespasse so.

(Lo) here a craftye postles parte,
loe here a Logille lo.

Ha, false malignaunte weaking minde,
this vyce I do erpell,

As cancre freate, from hearte and booke,
moste true it is I tell,

For certaintie I lyke it not,
then lycence me the more,

To gesse aloufe, not hard to scratche,
but clawe about the soze.

My father, he did vsualle,
dehorze me from this sin,

By manifolde examplis, which,
thzough talke, he woulde bringe in.

Still warning me not to ingrate,
nor seeke not much to lyue.

But thzypstylie contentedly
enioye that he woulde geue.

Waste thou not see younge
how he is cumde to naughte.

Backbyting Bar most beggerlike,
Ingrayle them in thy thoughte.

Two presidents, that thou ne shouldste,
thy fathers god mispende,

But when he woulde dehorze from loue,
his talke was to this ende.

Dissemblable to Sectans sorte,
no brothelmonger be,

Kepe wedlocke chaste, let Trebons name,
be warninge vnto thee.

The wyle men with their moralls sage,
by reason coulde the guide,

Suffyleth me that I can geue,
such counsaile as I tryde.

And

Logille a fische
whyte with
out & blacke
within.

Olde Horace
his talke.
Ibte and
Warms Deat-
tergooddes.

Sectan wan-
son and amou-
rouse.
So Trebon.

The fourthe Satyre.

And if my sawes, in time take place,
 for teacher haste thou none,
 When groweth, and yeares shall make the man,
 youtnes shipwracke, will be gone.
 Thus woulde he turne my plyant yout,
 and what he wilde in worde,
 For patterne, he woulde bid me make,
 the lyfe of sum god Lorde.
 So, if he woulde inhibit me,
 this is no godly dede:
 My sonne (sayth he): and here bypon,
 sum soule reporte will breede.
 For euen like, as when neighbours dye,
 the sickmans chaunging luste,
 For feare doth stay, and is contente,
 to cum to dyet iuste:
 So skilleste yout to see defame,
 of others, may take heede,
 And slip not into byces snare,
 nor listen to her raede.
 Hereby I stayed my tempting age,
 and did no haynouse sin
 In easye crymes, and veniall
 I haue bene trapped in
 And these, (no doubt) wil wayne awaye,
 and ebb as they did ryle,
 By helpe of peaces, by frendes reprove,
 and by myne owne aduyce.
 As I lye in my bed sumtymes,
 on matters thus I muse,
 Chryste, would do thus, righte doth diswade,
 that I shoulde thus me vse.
 Thus coulde I make my chearfull frendes:
 this was a folishe parte:
 Was I so fondlye ouerseene:
 a sole lone sings his darte

The fiftthe Satyre

Thus do I mutter in my mynde,
 Ere whyle at cardes I play,
 (A faulte, amongste the meaner faultes)
 forgeue me. Thou saieste nay.
 Then Poets all, preas on, preas on
 helpe at a pinche: no dreede,
 We be so ryotouse a route,
 who sayes but we shall speede?
 As Jewes do measure all by myghte,
 that none dare them forsake:
 So we by number will men force.
 In league with vs to take.

The multi-
 tude can not
 be led fro their
 fan-les, no not
 for truthes
 sake,

THE FIFTE SATYRE, whiche the Poet had written of his iorneying to and fro, wholye altered by the translator.

Rende Horace thoughe you maye me vse
 as to translate your verses;
 Yet your exployte I do refuse,
 at this tyme to reherse.
 Not euery tricke, nor euery tope,
 that floweth from your braine,
 Are incident into my pen;
 nor worthie of my paine.
 (If all be true that sunn surmyse)
 for dyuers thincke it good,
 To haue discriude the clatteringe broyles,
 of Mauors raging wood:
 Or for to know the climats hye,
 to clym vnto the skyes:
 To view the starres, their placinge like
 and how they set and ryle.
 Or for to reade the quiddities
 and queerks of logique darke,

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Of the
The fourth Satyre.

To heare the babbling sophisters,
how they for naughte can barke.
Or for to wyte things naturall,
things mysticall and geason:
The harmonie of elements
how they accorde by reason.
To sterre vp in astrologie
the casuall of men
To limit, and forlote by arte,
to shew by whom and when,
Things were conueyde: and to erecte
through what aspect and why,
Who mpey abroad, Cesar at home,
were fortun'd to dye.
To tell how man a creature,
of reasonable mynde
Is sociable, apte, and fitt,
to companie by kynde.
To read the sacred histories,
of man how he began:
How firste he fell, through whome he fell,
what of him selfe he can.
To learne the helpe of holye tongue
the doctors to peruse:
To cource the scholmen, as they lye
and Horace to refuse.
Those cacklinge pyes, that vse to prate,
so much againste humanyte,
Are commonly the lewdest dawes,
and skillesse in diuinitie.
The antique fathers blde it much,
thapostle doth the same:
How all muste downe, in pullinge downe
that fowles may get a name.
Som innouation must be made
of chaunge of vbled things,

Calist.

Prædes

The fiftie Satyre

Needes muste there be : when all woulde passe
and all woulde needes be kynges.
Moyles in writinge his fyue booke
conferde with prophane tyme
Yet fewe or none, that I haue harde,
approched him of crime.
From Egipte, we may borrow it,
it neuer was forbad,
So it be for the weale of man
and glozy of our God.
To reade sole scriptures, is I graunte
a thinge of lesser paynes,
And those that sayne woulde haue it so
woulde haue it so for gaines,
Unable for to get of tounge,
or sciences a skyll
Then crye they soule diuinitie,
as though the rest were ill.
Diuinitie is gloriouse
and they but idle praters
Gainste whole outrage, a man mighte well
wryte forty godlye Satyres.
The wyse can reade humanitie
and beautifie their witte,
whileste foolles syt tatlyng to and fro
in talkinge againste it.
A good diuyn mighte the translate
(Horace) I can it proue :
Who so denyes, I do not doubt
to caste him downe my gloue.
And yet suche is the matter now
whereon thou doste indyte,
That I must play the Poet needes,
and wots not what to wryte.
Thy lawrell graene betake to me,
thy gowne of scarlet reade,

And

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The fifthe Satyre.

And proue a nonice howe I can
 in after steppes I treade.
 Feigne me to haue a Poets arte,
 a natyue Poets bzaïne:
 A veray Poete, sayng that
 I vse not for to fayne.
 Dames of Bernas, of Helicon,
 whence Pegas horse dyd dye:
 (If yours it be) graunt this to me,
 in processe not to lye.
 Say, thou O truthe, bothe God and man,
 of whome I stande in awe:
 Rule oze my wordes, that I ne passe
 the compasse of thy lawe.
 What shoulde I wyte gaynst wickednes
 howe synne hath all the byes:
 Howe wyghtes are wed to wretchednes,
 captiues to theyr desyre?
 The Prophets haue bewayled that,
 and he whose voyce so thyllt:
 Both heauen and earth with plaintife tune,
 and dolours deepe dyd fyll.
 The truthe hymselfe when he was here,
 dyd truely thyngs foretell:
 And wepte to see the sozr plagues,
 that afterwarde befell.
 If they monde sewe, yf felwe woulde marke
 the wordes of suche lyke men:
 Howe may the silly Satyrists,
 hope for amendment then.
 In bayne for me to styre or kepe
 a racket wyth my rymes:
 The sonnes of men, wyll styll be men,
 and plyaunt to the tymes.
 What shoulde I wyte gaynst wyckednesse?
 the worlde by her adurce,
Hath

The fifthe Satyre.

Hath broughte to passe, that moſte beleue,
 there is no kynde of vice,
 For couetyſe is coloured,
 and though the Prophete kyng
 Damne vsurers, yet ſtill we ſee
 more pracliſe of the thyng.
 Dame Gluttony is too to hye,
 ſhe keepes in dately halls,
 And gurmundyle is fellowſhypp,
 for ſo the worlde it calls.
 So luſte is now a lordly thyng,
 and ſwearyng hath a grace,
 For ſwearynge couerde vnder ſeale,
 (alas) the curſed caſe.
 What ſhoulde one write, diſſembling dawes
 (a wondrous tale to tell)
 The better birdes of noble price,
 by creakyng woulde expell.
 The Popiſhe dawes, whom all men knowes,
 To be ſtill blacke of hue,
 Doo ſweare them ſelues beſt proteſtants,
 and bydes thats onely true.
 What ſhoulde I write: by colour all
 true tytles they doo ſeale,
 And couer thouſande trecheries,
 vnder pretended zeale.
 To knowe the matter perfectly,
 to vnderſtande it well.
 Marke here what pretiſe Commodus,
 to Vertinar doothe tell.
 Thynke Commodus to be ſuch one,
 as couertly in herte,
 Doothe worſhypp all Idolatrie,
 and myndes not to conuerte.
 And yet through thewe of godly zeale,
 oure churche woulde quite deſace,

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The fiftbe Satyre.

To helpe the popyshe kyngdoms by,
 and to reteyne his place.
 Thynke Pertinar a penythe impe,
 an impe of popyshe lyne.
 Whos styll wyll be a Catholike,
 (though all the bookes) diuine,
 Doo proue hys churche an heretike)
 Sir Commodus kepes styll
 In Englande for commoditie:
 Syr Pertinar he wyll
 To Louayne, to the mother churche,
 but howe they bothe haue sped,
 Perceane that by theyr proper talke,
 and what lyues they haue led.
 The hunger wareth sharpe and hene,
 in Flemmyshe bareyn lande,
 And Pertinar bet home with pyne,
 takes Commodus by the hande.
 God saue you gentyll Commodus,
 howe haue you fared longe,
 Pa, verely euen as you see,
 well lykynge, fatte, and strong,
 Of credite neuer better I:
 what vrgent cause doothe make
 Pou at this tyme from sacred soyle,
 your iourney for to take?
 When we went to the holy towne,
 from Englyshe flocke infeste,
 Our want was wealthe, and copie at wyll,
 we were an happye secte.
 But our long stape, was oure decaye,
 men grudgde to geue vs more:
 And Sarum with hys subtile booke,
 hath crompte our credite sore.
 Before, we gaue a countenaunce,
 to all the worlde so wyde:

That

The fifthe Satyre.

That our intent was wholly bent,
to haue our quarell tryde.
Suche cautels had we to beare of,
that who gainst vs dyd wyte,
We swore he was falne from the Church,
of gyddynesse or spyte.
We bare them down that they wer nought,
rashe, raylyng, and yll spoken,
Letwode, and vnlearnde, but now our styfe
of forgery is broken.

Sarum hath walkde so warply,
(it greuthe me to name hym)
That mooste of men doo see his truthe,
we wote not why to blame hym.
Howe they dispaire oure prostrate cause,
and of our safe retourne:
And suffer vs in beggery,
(Ah silly case) to mourne.

Commodus. Ah silly case, nay silly soles,
you myght haue lyued here,
In wealthe and blisse, and euen as there,
haue kepte your conscience clere.

Pertinax. In deede your letter writ to me,
dyd signifie no lesse:
But howe that you can vse it so,
I woulde you shoulde expresse.
Synce I came laste into the realme,
it was toulde me of trouthe,
That you aboue the rest of men,
vse to be freattyng wrothe
With ceremonies, is it so?

Jesu, what shoulde one hope:
They say that you doo caste them of,
as brought in by the Pope.
Can you speake so precisely here:
and beare vs so in hande:

87

the
The fourth Satyre.

**You are no doubt no Catholike
as now the case doth stande.**

**So Catholyke : Ah Vertinar
thou arte a mery man.**

Commo.

**I speake, I graunte against the pope
and speake the worst I can.**

**And profite him yet more then you.
(perhappes ye gin to muse)**

**But harke to me and listen well
what practise I doe vse.**

**When you did cut the salte sea some,
with framed timbre boorde,**

**And yeade to Louaine there to heare,
the Latine Romishe worde,**

**Then stormyng in my thoughtfull brestes,
and sharpe beset with cares,**

**In mortall waues I wandred still,
in maze of my affayres.**

**Feare caste in all extremities
what shoulde I do thoughte I?**

**To sanctuarie of papistes
to Louaine shoulde I flye?**

**What were a way to begger me
to bringe me vnto neede?**

**And in so doinge, I shoulde worke,
the mother churche smalle made.**

**Aeneas came into my mynde,
that feyned him selfe a graue,**

**And by that meanes made manie soules,
Lorde Dytis hall to seeke.**

**He can not hurte his foe the moste
that kepes the furste away:**

**I was resolute to keepe me close,
and see a surder stay.**

**I sayde my wounded conscience
did prickle more and more,**

And

The fyfthe Satyre.

And wyshed after some of skyl
to remedye my soze.
I sayde my doubte was dangerous,
and therfore fayne woulde haue
Some clarkly man of eyensyght deepe,
within the same to raue.
Thys was the tenour of my tale,
that I woulde common fayne,
If some learnde man on thother syde,
woulde take on hym the payne.
The Protestants be mercifull,
and glad to wyn vs all:
In breste the chiefe woulde me at length
to common with them call.
They reasonyng was to and fro,
to wyn me yf they coulde:
And I began as debonaire,
to render vp the houlde.
I wolde hearken (oulde frende Pertinar)
what was the speddy key:
To ope the locke of credits sorte,
for me to beare a swey.
He that was counted too to fearse
and angry wyth the Pope,
I went to hym, and prayde hym ofte
my conscience for to grope.
Parted from hym, I woulde proteste,
and openly woulde saye:
That suche one was the greatest clarke
that was on lyue thys daye.
He that was holden moste of zeale,
and to the worlde the best:
Hym woulde I prayse aboue the sonne,
and so I purchast reste.
No more demaunde made of my saythe,
I saynde me very ielous:

5

The fyfthe Satyre.

Of other men, and sayde they were
dra'webackes, and nothyng zealous.
And styll I prayde my confessours,
and made them so to swell,
Suche pulpit hornetts by my meanes,
That none durste with them well.
And what that they to feede theyr mynde,
Or coloure ells woulde speake:
I mayntaynde it with toothe and mayle,
in all that I coulde creake.
Then was I dubbe as true precise,
and faithfull by and by,
And none was compted hoate enough,
saue he and he and I.
I whysperde to and fro apace,
and playde my parte so free:
That quarells, slept by false and false,
A noble game to see.
And that the reste myght learne to stoupe,
and I myght growe vp styll:
An other fetch by peccemeale,
into them dydde instyll.
My maysters lystn well (quod I)
take kepe what I shall say:
He thynks this church, this englishe church,
is clogged at this daye,
With ceremonies more then nedes,
to tell you at a worde,
I woulde haue all thyngs iuste as they
were left vs by the Lorde.
This knewe I was the deuytye dyshe,
that so theyr passions fed:
I am not now to learne I trowe,
to byng a babe to bed.
Howe, whether for true conscience,
or els that they myght seeme

Sole.

fifthe
The fourth Satyre.

Sole gossellers, and that the worlde,
 mighte so of them esteeme:
Nels through our suggestions,
 they gnawed so this bone,
That O good God, I woulde to God
 they had bene let alone.
Pay truste me truly **P**ertinax
 men woulde haue bene ful sayne,
To thruste out all those gossellers,
 and sende for you againe.
How say you, was not this a driftte,
 and that a driftte of hope?
Am I not now, as lege as you,
 to our good lord the pope?
If there were talke of gospels grace,
 of francknesse of our lybertie,
Then woulde I whet my tongue to speake,
 againste the gifte of pollycie.
And that our seruice was consumed,
 onlye in adoration:
Wheras the pryme church, vsde one prayer,
 the reste in exhortation.
That ministers, why shoulde they not,
 mighte goe euen lyke the reste
In suits of silke, in cheynes of golde,
 appareld with the beste.
That ministers mighte take and leaue
 their orders when they would
I wente about to make all naughte
 by all the meanes I coulde.
This was my greateste anchor hold,
I euere caste it thus:
The worse it fared with the church,
 the better much for vs.
Untowarde ease, vnlucke cald
Ah **P**ertinax I say

55

The fiftie Satyre.

(As erst I sayde) a trumpe a trumpe,
 was caste downe in our waye.
 And he that caste it, hath surueyde,
 and markde our cardes so well,
 That all oure driftes is now fordone,
 and you abrode muste dwell.
 As for my selfe, who but my selfe
 I neuer felte lyke ease:
 Not stoutest of the protestants
 dare me in ought displease.
 I made my matche I trowe with suche,
 as dare not but bpbeare me:
 What yf I knowe their giltie pranks
 and therebpon they feare me?
 Those wyng and wrestle the meaner sorte,
 whose myndes and tongues are free,
 And so imbecill all they strengthe,
 that they are naught to me.
 I nowe can dubbe a protestant,
 and eke disdubbe agayne:
 And make a papiste graduate,
 if he wyll quite my payne.
 Liuinges are myne, geuynges are myne,
 the countenance is myne:
 Promotions coime to me alone,
 or where I will asygne.
 Yea Pertinar if thou wilt come,
 of Laberinth ne dreede.
 I can conducte thee safe and sounde,
 by vertue of a threede.
 I knowe who plaies the catte, and howe
 her soly krttles moules,
 I and my patrons leaue small loze,
 in some right famous houses.
 And if there be not speedie healpe,
 against me and my fooles:

The fifthe Satyre.

He bytue their Gospell from the church,
and learnyng from the Schooles.

In dedde I studye harde my selfe,
but to what ende or why?

That I myght gette the greatestt see,
and put all others by.

As nowe I am, I coulde not wythe
almoste a better stape:

If the pzeysse crepe by agayne,
I knowe my wonted playe.

In the meane tyme I tell them playne
they are the greatestt clarkes,

And that for they: greate constancie,
the totall worlde them markes.

Pea I can tell them clawngly
(but that is in their eare.)

That those whiche haue depolde them thus,
are persecuters cleare.

And if that some by pollicie,
in tyme doo not preuent them,

He egge them on to speake some thyng,
whiche spoken may repent them.

Well yf that those get by agayne,
I kepe my lolly stape:

And if sir Pertinax you come,
I wyll not go away.

So that come papist, or pzeysse,
or formall conforable,

The pzeysse Baptist kepes his rounne,
lyke promontorie stable.

And yet, yf thou as palpable,
my conscience couldest grope,

Of honestie, I am full true,
vnto my lord the Pope.

May happs when I haue silde my purse,
with takyng all this payne.

**Shaklokes
profession.**

I will

57

The fiftie Satyre.

I wyll go turne from Commodus
to Pertinax agayne.

What Commodus thou turnes thy selfe
as one shoulde turne the groate
Turne rounde, or else thou wilt be spide
in turninge ofte thy coate.

Because, you talked of gropinge erste,
howe chauncde it heretofore,

That you agaynst the blessed pope,
so solemnlye haue swoze.

Speake oute man, are you in a dumper?
howe durste you so farre go:

*Iuravi linguis, sed mentem
non iuratam gero.*

I tould them then, I spoke wth tongue,
but neuer mente it so.

Why do you heare their seruice still,
a thing of such abusyon?

I could not els abyde with them,
to helpe them to confusion.

What say you to the petye flocke,
are they resolute that waye?

Sum parte of them is lyke my selfe,
the conformance say

That halfe of those whiche buslye
against those orders clatter,

Are Papistes ranke: as those may see
whiche wyll suruey the matter.

Why doo they make so strait accompt
of thynges that bee but meane?

Pythagoras, why dyd he put
mans soule within a beane?

What if your selfe for not wearyng
hereafter may be wrounge?

Euse man I made them longe ago,
a verey Aesops tongue.

Pertinax.

Commodus.

Pertinax.

Commodus.

Pertinax.

Commodus.

Pertinax.

Commodus.

Pertinax.

Commodus.

D.ij.

Sence

The fiftbe Satyre.

Pertinax. Synce you agaynst these churchly rites
so longe and soze dyd wynche,
Howe coulde you nowe resume agayne
so bucksome at a pynche?

Commodus. I sayde (as ofte I use to say)
that I was very pooze,
Pathlesse woulde gene tone halfe I had
that I myght weare no more.

Pertinax. I go to healde a papist nowe,
that ginnes for to recant,

Commodus. And I go nowe, for to moleste
a silly protestant.
O noble force of flattery,
Farewell olde fellowe myne,
But so farewell that you kepe close
and come to me to dyne.

Translatour. Farewell a payre of bellyshe impes
of cankred Sathans race:
For you are ennies unto God,
And his in every place.
The true precise, none doo despise,
but all men knowe it well,
That they in learnynge and good lyfe,
moste commonly excell.
Not one of vs, but wylls them well
to keepe their godly name.
For ever thought to preiudice,
or to eclips the same.
Some be so wyse by Papistes guile,
they can not be abuse:
Yet Commodus hath fonded sonie,
it can not be exculse.
If I shoulde wyte of Commodus
the craftes of suche lyke men,
The tricklynge teares for hearty grieve
woulde overlode my pen.

But

The sixte Satyre.

But none wyll looke to Commodus,
he beares the bell awaye,
Some guardon due for his deserte,
The Lorde wyll sende one day.
The worlde is blearde with duskyng shoes,
and dasele with a glose:
But I appeale vnto the wyse,
and craue redresse of those.
Come what can come, howe muche can come,
I am at staye in mynde:
Theyr net of zeale, wherwith they steale,
for euer to vnwynde.
Since God and our liege Soueraigne
bulwarkes to Truthe doo stande:
We feare not Commodus his crafte,
nor Pertinar his hande.

✱ THE POET REBUKETH

*those which do comend vices in the nobilitie. and
do iudge such worthe to bear rule, as also those
whiche thinke, that none base bozne oughte to
haue any accesse to promotion. He speaketh to Mece-
nas, and commendeth hym as one whiche hath respect
onely to vertue and godly qualities.*

The sixte Satyre.



At due discent from haughtie house,
nor thynne Vetrurie lande,
(Myne owne good Lord) dothe cause thy name,
and honour styll to stande.
Not fathers syre, not mothers syre
to cheuantant in field:
(About whose banners suche a route
of lustye bloods bare shield.)

D iij

Induce

The sixte Satyre.

Induce thee to be insolent,
(as moſte of gentrie be)
To make a mocke of meaner men,
for thou acceptest me.

Whose mother was infranchiſed,
and ſayſte, it dothe not ſkylle
Of petigree, ſo that our owne
demeanour be not yll.

Tullus a ſor=
preſſor of ver=
tue.

Of this full well thou arte reſolute
before kyng Tullie gan

So tyrannous a monarchie
imbecelyng freedome than

By vertues ſpray, the baſeſt bozne
myght be the nobleſt man.

Leuynus a=
greate gentle=
man hated of
the people for
his naughtyn=
nes notwith=
ſtandinge the
greate admyra=
tion they haue
to gentry.

Leuynus, he whole anceſtours
kyng Tarquine drone away:

Through lyfe corrupt, and rainleſſe youth
dyd worke his fames decay.

Neglected of the commoners,
who onely doo admyze,

Pobilitie, and none but them
to honors would aſpyze.

If it be ſo that lawleſſe pranks
Pea nobles, diſcommendeth:

Who will prayſe vs of baſer blood
except our lyfe amendeth:

For what if Leuyn were eſtemde
and Decie were not ſo:

Decius baſe
bozne.

Leuyn a lowte, and Decie ſcoute,
Yet Leuyns kyndred tho,

Myght be induction to the rude,
to deeme of hym ſo well.

Appius.

If that the counſayles Preſident,
perchaunce ſhould me erpell,

From Senate houſe, for vulgar ſtocke,
This colour woulde he make,

That

61

The sixte Satyre.

That base must hyde in baser rowne
 for ciuile profites sake.
 But glitteryng glozie rauyeth
 the pooze and princely state:
 And pleasurs not a iote at lengthe:
 lette Tullie spell his fate.
 He myght haue past, hys tyme in peace
 declynyng lordly lyfe,
 His royall robes rasde rancour vp,
 and rancoure termelesse stryfe.
 Suche is the worlde, who beares the swey
 assuredly is scande,
 Howe he came vp, what parentage,
 what was his fathers lande.
 For, as the yonger that would seme
 moste handsome and moste braue,
 Dothe make the mo to marke the moze
 if he suche features haue:
 So, who so thinks to rule in realmes,
 and aufull swey to beare,
 To place, displace, to dubbe disdubbe,
 to kepe the costes in feare:
 The rising of his petigree,
 muste thynke ere to hyle to heare.
 Durste thou (say they) a beggers brat,
 in suche outtakyng rage,
 Take on thee thus, to heade the peare,
 to hang and draue the page:
 Pouie, woulde be a counsayler
 in lawe I passe hym farre.
 Though not lyke some of fyled tongue
 to parle a case at barre,
 But, he can sett a face of it,
 with his forpenned tayle,
 In solemne syghtes, he thunders so,
 that sauters neuer fayle.

Pouie a pety
 tober
 Paulus et
 Massala.

The sixte Satyre.

Lette me speake well, speake what I can,
They laugh me styll to scoorne:
He is to base to rule saye they,
in dedde to basely bozne.
Howe grudge they me, because I am
becomde your household guest:
Before, because in warre and fiede
my rule was nerte the beste.
Thynge muche vnlyke: for be it so,
that honours enuyde be,
As fortunes gyftes, yet maye I well
be suppliant to the:
Whiche art by choyce of ponderyng witte,
of frendes prouided (lo)
Not roumerakers, nor rente rackers,
nor staynde with vices mo.
I dare not saye that fortune coulde
haue wrought me suche a blisse,
Not lozeles chaunce, but Virgils loze,
dyd helpe me vp to this.
For Virgils voyce, then Martes prayse,
your presence dyd procure:
At myne income, I lobted lawe,
And muttred full demure.
For bashefull shame dyd styll my voyce
and muche abydege my talke:
Therfore in blasing of my bloode,
my tongue it dothe not walke.
For howe that I doo mount on mule,
in countrey gawyshe games:
I platly power out my mynde,
thou answere also frames.
In bycke and fewe, suche is thy wont
and after certayne dayes:
Thou calls me home, and calls my frende,
and this my grieve alayes.

The sixte Satyre.

A loy, to haue Decene my frende,
 who good from bad dothe parte,
 Not by dissente, but lyfe well led,
 and ballaste brea't with arte.
 For if with slender single sinnes
 and those but very few,
 My byright nature be infecte,
 (as if in cunlye hue
 A warte oz twayne be euidente)
 it is not muche to rue.
 If gamegropor oz muckmunger,
 I can not proue it be,
 For spent my youth in dalfaunce,
 the case is well with me.
 And be in charitable lyfe,
 withall and euery frende:
 I thanke my father for this gere,
 he sente me to this ende.
 *He sente me not to lawyers shop:
 to learne accounte to caste,
 To be recorder, auditor,
 to know to fetch in faste.
 For as the gentles sende their sonnes,
 to chatter in a plea,
 professing law, learne lawlesse lyfe,
 and sayle in reade Sea.
 But lyke the babes of noble birthe,
 to Rome I was conducted
 With lordly artes, that might be seene,
 the beste I was instructed.
 My garments suche, retynue suche
 that most men did beleue,
 My granlyres godds, did stay the route,
 that hangde vppon my sleue.
 My maister graue, well studied,
 and much vnylike a sorte,

* Flanthe

reedy

with

sixe
The seventh Satyre

Who dissolute at eche vnale suite,
 do let their youth go spoote.
 For few, (as tip of all good name)
 he taughte me shamfastnes,
 That shendful shame through worde or deed,
 did neuer me oppresse
 Not fearing, though I wente to lawe,
 on him I shoulde complaine,
 Nor doe: I can him hartye thancke,
 and praise him, for his paine.
 Except I mad, I may be glad,
 eke, of my parente base,
 And do milyke such kynd of skulfe
 which sum vse in this case.
 Pardie (say they) not our faulte is,
 our parage is so meane:
 Pardye, say I, my boyce and heart
 doth go against that cleane.
 For, if that nature woulde and coulde
 reclayme my dulcet dayes,
 And bid me picke my parents out,
 mongt those, that beares the swayes,
 Sum woulde no doubt bid me take one,
 that listes the losse of mace,
 And prauunceth in the purple throne,
 contented with my place.
 I woulde not chaunge: the molle of men,
 wil thinke me straughte of witte,
 But you, can wey the waightie state,
 and iudge a ryghte of it.
 For, as auctoritie is greate,
 so substance must be greate
 My biaundes greate my charges greate,
 my frendes I muste intrate,
 Som, one, or other, must I haue
 where so that I be gone,

68

sixte
The fenenthe Satyre.

To towne or countrey farre or neare,
a shame to be alone.

My many muche, my traine of men,
my geldings fatte and fayre,

My waggons, coches, horselitters,
for coste I muste not spare.

In cytte, I must set vppon
my golde bespangled mule,

In deeper way, a trauersinge steede,
whome vneth ought can rule.

Els sum will cheeke me for my thyfte,
Lorde Tullus so woulde thzine,

Who Pretor woulde ride through the streets,
his trayne no moze but fyue.

Fyue peltinge laddes, (good senator)
at least must wayte on the,

And I may come my masterchip,
wheresoeuer lyketh me.

My selfe alone can chepen things,
and make my market well,

At euen and mozne in fayre or marke
from thence to where I dwell:

So suche pore rates, as I well lyke,
my supper reddie set,

A pot of drinke, a glasse of oyle
my houtholde stufte not greate.

From that to bed not crampste with care,
of that whiche may betyde,

For bente to go a pilgremage,
for my greate stryfe or pryde.

I ryle at ease walke forth at ease,
and then a caste at booke,

All secretly, (a ioy of ioyes
at it to syt and loke)

For weryed with my booke the gale,
I noynte with supple oyle.

The seuenth Satyre

My loytrous limmes, and when sir Iphes
 with bzande beginnes to bzople:
 I washe my corps in coly shade,
 my dyat finale and thin,
 Of pretie pittaunce, not so muche,
 as stomacke woulde let in,
 I calculate the courlinge starres,
 how eche doth run, and rayne,
 When noysom dogge doth flame in rage,
 I cum not at the bayne,
 But sytt at home: this is the lyfe,
 so iollye, and so fræ,
 That cheriseth, and heareth vp,
 and so recumforts me.
 As though my father grandfather,
 and vncke erke had bene,
 Lordes treasurers, and leste me knyghte,
 and ryche in chyldhood grene.

20 A DERISION OF CHIDING
 and brawling. The stryfe is betwixte Rupilius
 king of Byrneste, and one persius: a wonder-
 ful vndecente thing, for a noble man to be a scoulder.

The seuenth Satyre.



The fellone tongue of Rupillie,
 that traytor mungrell king,
 How persius hath dresse in kynde,
 it is no nouell thing.
 As common as the carts way that,
 This persie for the molle,
 Did make his bode at Cinnia:
 with Rupillie at holle,
 With gybes, and glickes, and taunting stryfe
 a brawler sharpe and soze

The ſeuenth Satyre.

Kaſhe, arrogante, and by vſe had
of ribaldrye ſuche ſtoze :
That from a doſen cacklinge drabbes,
the bell he mighte haue boze
Well, to the kinge, lyke dogge, and catte,
theſe two did then agree,
Lyke champions ſell, their toyleſum tongues
they vſde as weapons free.
For eche man ſeekes to noy his foe,
(the olde ſayde ſaw doth tell,
With prowes, and thoſe martiall ſeats,
wherein he doth excell.
Twirte Pyramis haucie Hector, and
corragiouſe Achill,
So keene and mortall was their wyathe,
that he did Hector kyll.
And for no other cauſe I troto,
but that, in thoſe ſame twayne,
Lyke force in principallitie,
and parſytnelle did raine.
Daſterds will quickly parte them ſelues,
vnequall if they be,
(As Glaucus was to Diomedes)
the weaker thynketh, he
Departs in peace, as recreante,
his ranſom maks him free.
Lorde Brutus was lyeutenaunte, then
of Aſia the leſſe,
When Kupſie, and Perſius,
to combat do addreſſe.
Lyke as two maſters of the fence,
vniſathe their blades of mighte,
So, theſe ſame two, tongue puiſſante knyghts,
with ſcoulbing, gynn the ſyghte.
The auditoze numberouſe,
the Verſe onſet gaue,

The

seventh
The eighth Satyre.

The people laugh, he praiseth **Wylde**,
and his retinue bzaue.
Duke Wylde, the sonne of **Ala**,
his men, he calls the **Starres**,
Balde Kypille, he rattles by,
to combat, if he darres.
He calde him hurtfull hatefull dogge,
to earthe, a greuouse fine,
Lyke pleasaunte streame beset with woode,
so flowes his talke diuine.
Then **Kypille** let issue out,
his well pounced wordes,
Throughe seasonde, as the dyubled lakes,
that kepeyth aye in fozdes.
So perfyte and erace a scoulde,
that women mighte geue place,
Whose tatling tongues, had won a wylpe,
to stande before theyr face.
The **Perse** see, his foe so fell,
and how he did him snape,
Thoughte impossible to resist,
ne wiste he how to scape,
Lorde Wylde (quod he) my liege lord **Wylde**,
for all the gods aboue,
Thou, that arte wonte to halterd all,
to win, thy countreyes lone,
To wyng the maces forth their handes,
to daunte the dukes a dowlne,
Be wrekde, be wrekde (thy onely prayse)
vpon this dogge the clowne.

Flowe,

Trappers & **dog**
insupporta-
ble, therefore
not to be sun-
dwered by
wordes, but
repelled by
rigor of the
maiestrate.

THE

The eyght Satyre.

THE GARDINGE GOD

Priapus beinge erected as a watche to drive
awaye byrdes and theues, complaineth hym
selfe to be soze scarred of the olde witche Canadie, her
fellowe sorceters Sagana, and such lyke. He partlie
toucheth the maner of their practyse.

The eyght Satyre.



Was sometimes a very blocke,
the bodye of a tree,
The wryghte uncertaine what to make,
a stole of God of me,
His pleasure was to make me God,
mine office is to fray,

Both birdes and theues that wolde cum filche
our fruite from hence awaye.

As images (most commonly)
the workemen vse to make,

To purchase ease or wealth to men,
and for their lucre sake.

This orcharde was a sepulchre
indeede, a publique grane,

For Pomentane and Wantoble,
and evere rascall slade.

The plat of ground, was brode and square,
and of a mightie lengthe,

Sum tombes there were righte beautifull,
and of a durynge strengthe.

This place that was a dampthe soyle,
and whyte, with dead mens bones,

Is now a pleasaunte paradise,
to walke in for the nones.

The betwet grasse, the hollom herbes,
the trees, in motley lguerte,

Both

The eyght Satyre.

Both arte and nature haue bestowed,

abundantly their tapestrye.

I am molested very muche

with sowles, and cleevinge theues,

Yet moste these charmyngs sorcerers,

undoubtedly me greues.

Who doe with popson, and with spells,

bereue men of their witts

I can not stay these mother mabbes,

but they will charme by syttes.

When as the moone beginnes to shew

her younge and cunlye face,

They cum to gather, deade mens bones,

and hurtfull herbes apace.

I saw my selfe olde Canadie,

about twelue of the clocke,

Bare foote, hyz lockes about her heade,

Stucke in pukishe frocke.

She howled with an other hagge,

a coloz sallow wan

Spade them to loke, lyke gasteull goosts,

(good for to curse and ban)

These two with teeth, did rente in twaine

a lambe of blackithe hue

The blood resorted to an hole,

purple, and smoking new.

Thence did they scyte, the damned soules,

from Plutos pallace large:

The soules, that al things shoulde expounde,

as it was geuen in charge.

Stode statues two, the greate of wull,

of war was made the lesse,

The greater gurnde with visage grim,

as thoughe he woulde oppresse

The lesse which lowred lowtishlye,

dispatringe all redresse.

The

Canadie a
Wicche;

71

The eyght Satyre.

The one the calde of Hecatey,
 Kirge Plutos chamber feare,
 The other calde Disephonie,
 that hath in spite no peare,
 Hyndes, serpentes, furpes, hellish impes,
 the moone inflamde to reade,
 Thou mightes haue scene, the witches couch
 behynde the tombes of deade.
 For beinge spyde, If that I lye,
 the dawes desyle my noule,
 And all the thyues of Rome cum in,
 and of my fruite take toule.
 What shoulde I shew particulars?
 by course how they did speake,
 The witche and goosts how they did houle,
 againe how they did squeake,
 How they entered in the grounde,
 a speakled serpent hyde,
 And hare of woolfes, and by and by,
 a flame there out did glyde,
 And as the flame did grow in bulke,
 and gan for to increase,
 So did the warden image (so) in smok
 by smale and smale decrease,
 I markte the drabbiſhe forcerers
 and harde their dismall spell
 The matter, went so harde with me,
 (there was no other boote)
 I let a scape: Dame Canadise
 she moude her aged foote,
 And trotteſh on her way so harde,
 that all her teethe out fall:
 The other trot losse her reade hye,
 she hid her bushe with all,
 There mightes thou fynde their confurde heabes,
 their threades and knackes of arte,

C And

The nynthe Satyre.

And, for to see the beldoms scarde,
haue laughed out thy parte.

✱ *IN* *GENERAL* *HE* *CON-*
trowleth people inquisitiue, and importunable
tatlers. That he doth Dialogue wyse, and yet
without naming of any person.

The nynthe Satyre.



Chaunced, to come me in the streets,

(as ofte I vse to doe)

Musing, I wate not, of what toyes,

but scanninge to and froe.

Runs, vnto me a certayne man,

whome erst I vnneth see.

Embracing me, oh pleasaunte lad,

how mightes thou fare (quod he?)

Well at this tyme, and wishe to the,

all that thou canste require:

When as I see him haunte me still,

I aske him his desyre:

Why pardye, syz, know you not me?

I am a greate lernde man.

If it be so, I deme of you,

so muche the better than.

Myues sayne, I woulde haue leste him there,

and hereuppon, I wente

Now swifte, now slow and told my boy,

tryles to none intente.

In faith I was through bathde in sweate,

and thoughte them in good case,

That were well in their chambers set,

or in sum secret place.

Horace,

Str.

Horace

The nyynth Satyre.

When he woulde prayse, the towne, or streets,
 I answerde nought againe,
 I see, (quod he you woulde, that we
 were parted verve fayne,
 But all for naughte, it may not be,
 I le wyte vppon you now.
 (Quod I) syz, spare your cortesie,
 I haue no néede of you.
 I muste go see, a frende of mine
 whome you did neuer know,
 Pye Celars Orcharde, vponde Tyber,
 he dwelleth farre below.
 No busnes I, néedes muste I walke,
 haue with you for this day,
 Then, (lyke the heuye lodened asse)
 myne eares downe did I lay.
 Syz, if you knew my qualittes,
 there is no reason, why,
 Or Wiske, or Warus shoulde be more,
 entre to you then I.
 For who, for number or for grace,
 dare mell with me in ryme:
 Or who can daunce so fotinglye,
 obseruing tune and time:
 I can singe so melodiouslye,
 that verve Hermogene,
 Woulde enuye me or if he harde
 woulde peeble to me I wene
 I thoughte to interchaunge a worde,
 thy mother lyueth she,
 Or any of thy kynssolke els,
 that standeth neede of the:
 In good time they are broughte to stay,
 and I remaine alone,
 Dispatch thou me, so it must be:
 for many yeres a gone

Strange.

Horace.

Str.

Wiske, & Warus
two (olpe)
Poets.

Ho.
Str.

E. y. Sa

Then in the Satyre.

Sabella as
Prophetes.

Sabella, (I a very thyldes)
 did reede, my dzerpe fate,
 In solowynge forme, with tendre handes,
 pressed vpon my pate.
 Not poyson keene, nor enuies sworde,
 this babe away shall draw,
 Not stich or coughe, or knobbyng golwe,
 that makes the patiente slaw,
 A prater shall becom his death,
 therfore, let him alwayes
 If he be wyse thun iangling sacks,
 after his youthefull dayes.
 He came to Lady Westas churche,
 the fourth parte of the day
 Whilste language passed to and fro,
 was passed cleane away
 He stode in bondes, (as he coulde me)
 in courte for to apeare,
 Or sentence els definitiue,
 shoulde passe againste him cleare.
 If thou doste loue me frende (quod he)
 to tharches with me draw,
 Not can I stande, vpon my fete,
 nor knowe the cruile law.
 I doubte if I shoulde leaue my cause,
 or els thy frendlye companie.
 I pray the me, not yet (quod he)
 before me, by and by
 He preleth on: my blyssed gyde
 I did succeade a pace,
 How doth your lorde Decenas now,
 how stande you in his grace?
 It is a rare and wyfye parte,
 in frendship long to dwell,
 Horace, I tell the as a frende,
 thou haste vnde fortune well,

Horace:

Str:

Horace,

Str:

The mynthe Satyre.

If that thou woldeste plante me in once,
 (in forfytte of my heade)
 Thou shouldste no doubt, haue me a frende,
 wolde stande the in good stonde.
 Within a monethes space or twaine,
 Pecenas I wolde clawe
 That all the realte mighte blow their napes,
 or go to though the dawbe.
 We lyue not so, as thou doste thinke,
 no house, more pure then this,
 For none, that from those mischeues byle,
 more cleane and spotles is.
 His, riches, or his learning is,
 no preiudice to me:
 There is a place accordingly,
 for eche in his degree.
 A thinge thou tells vncredibler,
 I tell a sothefaste tale.
 Thou makes me glow faine wolde I coum
 to be of his counsaile.
 If that you will, you haue a grace,
 his sauour for to win
 The first assaulte is very harde,
 by suite thou maiste get in.
 I will not sayle, byrbes shall corupte,
 his cheefist seruinge men
 Though once or twyce the gats be shut
 I will not cease yet then
 * He wayte my opportunitie,
 to mrete him in the way.
 To leade him home, to curtsey,
 and cap him when he stapes.
 There is no good for to be done,
 whilst we are lyuing here:
 Excepte we lye, saune flatter, face,
 cap, kneele duche, crouche smile, flatter.

Horace.

Str.

Hor.

Str.

Hor.

Str.

C. 14.

De

my the
The Satyre.

He prattling thus, a frende of mine
one Fuscus Arise,
Met me, who knew this chatting
almoste as well as I.
Stocke stille we stande, he aske me
or whether, that I woulde,
I halde him backe, and by the hande,
of frendship did him houlde,
Squintinge his eyes, he gan to nod,
to call me thence away,
And yet dissemblingly he thoughte,
to dallie and to play.
My harte in choller perboyle was,
I wis my frende (quod I)
You sayd, that you a matter had
to tell me secretly.

Fuscus.

An other tyme. I muste go see
the circumcised Iues
In keeping of their Sabot day,
what holpe rytes they vse.

Horace.

I loue not that religion.

Fuscus.

I, of infirmitie
Am scrupulouse: and therfore say,
I pray the beare with me.
Hereafter I wilbe your man,
both when and where you will,
This day dismits me to go rounne,
throughtout the streets my fill.

Hor.

The churle departes, and lefte me stille
to feele my sharpe distresse.
By chaunce there cums this fellowes foe,
who, now had got redresse,
At him by law: varlet, (quod he)
I charge the for to stay,
And pray you (Horace) geue me leane,
my mynde to him to say.

Con.

The tenth Satyre.

Contente, (quod I), you may be boulded,
 to worke your will for me,
 My troublesum companion
 arested then I see.
 Both parties crye, the crowde growes greates
 throughe greate Appollon grace,
 It was my lucke for to escape,
 so comberouse a case.

SOME HAD EVIL SPOKEN
 of Horace, for reprehendinge Luillie. He pro-
 testeth that he by no meanes, meaneth to de-
 fame the person, but to haue his, or their doings bet-
 tred. Pretye other conceits and notes of verberpunge.

The tenth Satyre.

Doeth, I sayd, (Luillie) I sayde,
 your verses run not rounde.
 Doeth any loue Luillie so well,
 to praise his farringe soulder,
 But he, through ticklinge by the towe,
 with mirth, hath won a name
 And yet this doth not proue him learned,
 though I shoulde graunte the same.
 So mighte our minstrell Laberie,
 be coumpted learned then,
 If merve mirth and onlve mirth,
 coulde make a learned man.
 To make the reader laughe a phoe,
 is not a Poets parte:
 I meane not all: though therein be,
 a pretye peece of arte.
 He muste be quicke to make his pause,
 and sentence, fall in time

Laberie deli-
 cious
 table in m-
 breilsey, & yet
 not learned.

The tenth Satyre.

Els trading longe, to werped eares,
 will make a lothesum ryme,
 His treatise interchaungeables
 now merpe and now sad,
 In Poets puffs and now againe,
 in Rhetorique florishes clad,
 Sumtimes, a fable trymlye toulde,
 doth worke in better force,
 Then if the plaintife Poet shoulde
 besing his musies force,
 Sumtime to spare his eloquence,
 and speake not what he can:
 Such were the auncient interludes,
 so were they lyked than,
 And so farre to be imitate,
 but neyther Hermogen,

Demetrius. * For other, who woulde seeme to be,
 so gay deuyfinge men,

Did euer reade (I dare make good)
 those lettred Poets workes,
 Haue Catull, and Caluus, wheras
 such paltrye baggage lukes.
 Unsh, now I glaunce, and blanie am
 for I will hath deuised,
 A trickyspe worke in Latrin roste,
 and greake the gardes compyled.
 An auntrus acte, I promise you,
 O thou that knowes not muche,
 Cease to admire a man for that
 the matter is not suche,
 As it is thoughte, to sprinkle here,
 and there a worde of greake,
 Sum assehead doultes in baggish style,
 of greake are not to seeke.
 Excepte thou thincke that diuerse tongues,
 are better when they meete

The tenth Satyre.

As mixed wyne, (what else) become
more wholsome and pure sweete.
Well, in thy verse ble Greke at will
beware, that when at barre
Thou pleadest for thy client, there
thou goest not overfarre.
I meane as yf some passing man
shoulde stande in pleathy foe,
And sweate agayne to grauaule thee,
and worke thy client too.
Use not thy two tongued phrases then,
lyke one of Canues towne,
Thou mayst perchance become nonesuite,
thou and thy cause bothe downe.
Once on a tyme, a Greke poeme
I dreamed to indite,
(A Romayne I discorde by sea,
bnuered so to wyte)
Lorde Romulus dyd byd me write,
in pitchye silent nyght,
At mydnyght, when suche byssions
are counted moste of myght.
In grekythe tongue (sayeth he) to write
write vpon writyng skyll,
As as to powre on fatted sowe,
more drasse drynke and more swill.
Therefore whylet Alphyn shriketh out
the murdered Demmons bayne
And reigne describes A leauyng Greke
am of my Satyre sayne.
Whiche neyther shall in Euplo hall once,
be iudged of the Payre:
For seide the eye on stately stage,
to make a meyny scare.
Fundanus may at his good luste,
of nyncetie syncreties wyte,

Petillus.

Publicula or
Coruinus.

Canues, a
towne where
was spoken
both greke
and Laten.

Alphyn, a tra-
gicall Poet.

Fundanus, a
Comical poet.

(I say)

The tenth Satyre.

(I say) of harlots headfull guyle
 of Dauns what a spyte,
 He wrought to Chremes by his craft,
 That facultie therfore
 I leaue to hym as capitayne
 in scoffyng compeke loze.
 And Polleo, the princely iesses,
 in lostie Jambiques maye
 By vertue of that gracious verse,
 in tragike wyle displayed
 So Marie makes his Elegies,
 of quicke and lyuely myght,
 And Virgile, well in rurall ryme,
 His gamesome Muse can dight,
 A Satyre I, more sauely,
 and with more lucke attempted
 That Marro, and a number suche,
 (all arrogance exempted.)
 I doo not say, before my tyme,
 But Lusille dyd deuyse,
 For euer ment to preiudice
 his crowne in any wyse
 But nothe and then outtakyngly,
 he wyll be ouerseene,
 And bryng suche stufte, wherof the most
 omitted myght haue bene.
 I pray you (Lusille) saue me soothe,
 nor be you not offended,
 Hath not your wysedome sayd or now,
 that Homer myght be mended
 And hath not ioly Lusill so,
 the dolefull Actie chaunged
 And so to carpe hym for his phrase
 all ouer Ennie raunged.
 Yet, when he speaketh of hymselfe,
 He speakes not, as he were

Laforell
 Goswone.

Actus.

Emilus.

The tenth Satyre.

A better clarke, then those he blamde,
 Why maye not we inqurre
 In waye of talke: yf his harde stile,
 a matter good hath marde:
 Or if the matter to vntoward,
 hath made his stile to harde.
 If that a man thynke it enough,
 and for a poet mete,
 Twixt meale & meale, two hundred times,
 to reare vp on their fete:
 Lyke Casse, whose laurie eloquence,
 was rushyng as the streames:
 Therfore were burnt, his corpes, his booke,
 (his halfe traunspyre dremes.)
 If this be good, Rusill is good,
 in suche respecte may he,
 Of pleasant head, and depe denice,
 and clarkly iudgement be.
 He may be thought to haue enriche
 Greace, with his Satyre verse,
 Muche better then an elder softe,
 whiche I coulde now rehearse.
 Ryght happye Rusill, that dyd see
 so plausible a tyme:
 If he had ben in these our dayes,
 he muste haue rayde his ryme.
 And parde of all that was not tryn,
 and so haue bent his brayne:
 That bothe he shoulde haue scratche his beere,
 and bitte his thombes for payne:
 For now, who looks to beare the bell,
 his doyngs he muste cull,
 At home with hym, and better adde,
 then he dyd erste out pull.
 Contented, to haue please the wyse,
 lette go the skylles hobbes,

Casse burnt
 for his
 folye booke.

Horace.

The tenth Satyre.

Who would esteeme the clapping of
a flocke of luskyshe lobbes.

(Not I in sooth: the iudgement of
one worthy personage,

In learnyng rype, in vertue luste,
in verdite sharpe and sage:

Geue me befoze a thousande lobbes,
and all their lowde suffrage.

Wygille he kepes a prattlyng styll,
his pages doo me pynche:

Rate what they can, the worst they can,

I mynde not once to wynche,

Suche carelesse, brainlesse, senselesse shrubbs,

suche sucklyng manltwormes, who,

Dothe take their woordes, but as of course,

and so can lette them go:

The lorde Pccenas and Virgill,

Plotie, and Marius,

Malgie, and our dyad soneraigne

the great Otanius,

And Polles (I sawne not nowe,

not flatter, thanks to pyke)

Fuscus, and eke the Wisels bothe,

I woulde they should me lyke.

Thou Messala, thy brother to,

you Bubilie also,

you Serute, and thou Furnius,

bothe you and suche lyke mo,

Frendly and learnde, whiche name for hast

vnnamed I lette go,

Your praise I saye, sayne woulde I haue

full sozie and full sad:

If I ne can fulfyll the hope,

whiche of my selfe I had.

Sir Wygill, and s^r Demetrie,

Your dumpishe domes in schooles,

The wise cler
kes of that
age.

you

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The firste Satyre.

You may bestowe where as you lyst,
amongst your flocke of fooles,
As for the wyse, they wynte at them,
nor will not on them looke:
Go boy, go note these sayinges well,
and put them in a booke.

L. HORACE FLACCVS

HIS SECONDE BOKE

of Satyres.

THE POET IS AT ALTER-
cation with him selfe, and reasoneth if he should
any further procede, in indityng of Satyres, si-
thens he was thought of some enulous persones to be
sharpe spoken, and in dede a backbyter. He demandeth
counsaile of the lawyer Trebatius: he defendeth his
owne dede, and convinceth his mistudgers.

The firste Satyre.



Some thinke my satyres too to tart,
to kepe no constant lawe,
And some haue thought it loudly pende
what so of myne they salve.
And weane a thousand such lyke rimes,
one myght within a daye,
Write and dispatch: (old friend Trebate)
what should I doo: a way

Comme prescribe, you byd me rest,
my Muses to appall.

Na, truste me truly by my thyrste,
that were the best of all.

But I muste nedes be doying still,
you byd me, I knowe not what,

To

The firste Satyre

To swymme in Tyber all the daye
at nyght to keepe a chat.
To drynke for lyfe, to quasse carouse,
to loade my tottye noule,
And by suche meanes restrayne my pen,
and to surcharge my soule.
Or yf I haue suche vrgent luste,
and lykynge to indite,
That then I should of Celsars fraies
and passyng triumphes write.
For that woulde fetch vs in the pence,
and healde me for to lyue.
Alas (God knowes) full fayne woulde I,
my courage wyll not geue
me so to doo. Not euery man
the warlyke troupes so gawe,
To morishe pykes, and brochyng speares,
the frenchemen slayne in fray,
The puissaunt Percie pluckte from horse,
prayse worthe can display.
Why myght I not iust Scipio,
thy martiall seates haue praysed,
As learned Lusille once tofore,
suche bloodie bankets blased?
I will assay, as tyme shall serue,
Onlesse I wayte my tyme,
It is in vayne, to exhibite,
to Cesar any ryme.
Whome, yf a man attempte to claue,
inferible he standes,
Yet, better were so to presume,
then, for to fyle our handes.
With bankrounthe slaue Pantobolus,
and Pomentanus pranks.
Sithe causeles all mystrust them selues,
and cannes me litle thanks.
What way for me? they say that I,

am

The firste Satyre.

am subiecte vnto drinke,
And thotishely vppon excesse,
laye out what so I thynke:
Like dronken folke that hoppe and skippe,
when lickour lodes their brayne,
And when through ill affected etc,
one candell semeth twayne.
Borne of one egge, Pollux on foote,
and Castor loues to ryde,
Eche man hys mynde. In studyinge
howe many wates be tryde:
I kepe one state of writing (they saie)
in melancholie moode,
Like Lull, sayung that my witte,
is not all out so good.
Lull, as to his very frende,
so woulde he to his booke,
His secretes good or bad bewray,
looke on them, who woulde loke.
Hym followe I in Lucanie,
or bred in Appulie
I wote not: For Menuge my towne
betwixte them bothe dothe lye.
They Romayns Menucine possesse,
so sente into that place,
Lesse people mygh aborderpng,
myght wynn the same in space.
And therby nory the Romyshe wealth,
what so my countrey is:
What so my wytte, my bytter stile,
strikes not a whytte amis.
It maye bee lykened to a sworde,
In sheathe for my defence.
Synce no false losels hurte me then,
why doo I drawe it thence?
O kyng, O father Iupiter,
Woulde God the tymes were so,

Pollux and
Castor, Iup-
ter and Leda
their sonnes
brethren to
Helen.

Clemetium;
in the betwene
Lucanie, and
Appulie, ther
was the poore
boyne.

That

The firste Satyre

That ruste myght well deuoure this sworde,
that none woulde worke me wo.

But worke they doo, but: who so does,
though he be dyuely the sell,

I blason farre and nere his armes,
and wanton touchas tell.

He may go howle and pule for wo,
the citizens will scozne hym,

And cause hym wyshe full many a tyme,
his damme had neuer borne hym.

The Lawyer when that he is chaft,
will threaten iudgement fell:

So Canadie our sorceresse
with payson will be quell:

The officer dothe menace eke,
the worste that they can doe:

All bragge of that, whiche is theyr best,
and therewith feare their foe.

And that nature allowes of this
marke thou these notes with me:

The wolfe with toothe, the bull with horne
and howe this same myght be,

Dame Nature teacheth inwardly,
thou doste agayne replye,

Strange Sheua, wold not with his sworde,
hys mother cause to dye,

Though she had wrought him much mischief
No meruayle, for the ore

Strikes not with tooth, nor wolfe with beile,
strong payson vnde this fore.

So he and they, the good and lewde
theyr weapons haue by kynde,

And vse the same to worke theyr weale:

The gyftes therfore of mynde
shall be my beste artillerie:

For whether quiete age,

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The first Satyre.

Abydeth me, or blacke wyngde deathe,
 encompassse me in rage,
 Come wealthe or want, at home, or els,
 perchaunce an exile man,
 I wyll not fayne, to write my state,
 if possibly I can.
 My sonne, if that thou write to sharpe,
 no doubt thou shalte not lyeue, Treachere,
 Some one or other, wyll to thee
 Thy fatall wounde ygeue.
 Why? Lusill lynde, who ever blode,
 all fayners to defect, Horace,
 With satyres sharpe, and quippes rounde,
 of deathe he neuer rekt.
 But blamed those, whiche outwardly
 doo geue a thynnyng shoe,
 And inwardly are chargde with synne,
 that vnnethes they can goe.
 Good Lelie dyd not hate his witte,
 nor he that got renowne
 For pollicie, and pryncce too,
 For beatyng Carthage downe.
 I say they were not mylcontent,
 That lewde Metellus once,
 And lowtyshe Lupus were reformed,
 with Satyres for the nonce.
 He woulde not spare the officers,
 nor priuate men to blame.
 A frende to none saue honestie,
 and those that blode the same.
 With doughtie skoute duke Scipio,
 and Lelie learnde and wyse,
 He woulde tesse very iocundly,
 and frankly in his gysse,
 At meales, when he sequestred was
 frome the vblettred sozte,

Metellus and
 Lupus noble
 men, yet repte
 headed for
 byce. Scipio
 and Lelius
 no reppning.

One pointe of
 wysedome, not
 to be merpe as
 monge the
 multitude,

The first Satyre.

What so I am, though fatter I wote,
 from Lusils witte and poyste,
 Yet enuie selfe can not denye,
 but I haue ledde my life,
 Amongst the best, though some men thinke
 me dedicate to skryfe:

He thynks my grounde, is good and sure,
 excepte you frende Treba:

By lawe, doo disalow of it,
 I will pursue my state.

Treba:

Beware, beware, the warinde may lyue,
 be circumspect and slawe,

Lesse you by wordes vndo your selfe,
 through ignorance of lawe.

Horace.

For who that wyrteth slaundrouly,
 we lawyers muste amende hym:

And who that wyrteth true and well,
 our Cesar muste defende hym,

If that a man speake of a yeale,
 And blame the bad alone,

Dispatche youre rowles, there is no gayne,
 the Lawyer may be gone.

✱ **VNDER THE PERSONAGE**
 of the Stoike Ofellus, he controlleth the gluttonous and riottous: he sheweth the varietie of meates them selues, not to be so dilectable, as they are so made by abstynence, and sharpe appetite. He comendeth muche frugalitie, whiche is chiefly in sparynge and thyrftie diete.

The second Satyre.



Owe good it is, and laudable,
 to lyue but with a small:
 It passeth me for to discerne,
 Ofellus tolde it all.

Arudet

87

second
The first Satyre.

A rudesble, and vnruely, wyse,
and yet vn lucky man,
Who neuer could bying to an ende,
The thyng whiche he began.
Learne abstinence, & learne of me
not when your paunche is full,
Or when with grosse bysnyng fumes,
Your syght is malde and dull;
Or when your lust leanes to the worst,
and wyll not brooke the beste,
Come soberly, not ouerchargde,
With intrayls all at reste.
Some thyng to say: the wastefull wombe,
dothe plague and kyll the brayne;
As that iudge dothe his countrey hurt,
who gapeth after gayne.
When thou doste trace the hastyng hare,
or tame the Jennet wyld,
Or syght in fielde, lyke Romayn stoute,
(onlyke a Grekysh chylde.)
Or when thou doest at footeball playe,
or tennice for pastyme;
Whylste loue of game dothe ease thy toyle,
and helpe awaye the tyme;
Or when thou syngest in the ayre:
with myght auoyde the stone;
What so thou doste, do earnestly,
and when thy toyle is gone,
Thou shalt haue stomake quick and sharpe,
that when thou comes to dyne,
It will not loke for sweete conceptes,
or fragrant friskyng wyne.
If that the rude and vgly sea,
doo lette the fyshers arte,
If foode doo fayle, of breade and salte,
to take and eate thy parte.

J. J.

Thou

The second Satyre.

Thou wilt be glad. Why is it thus?
Howe soundeth thys wyth reason?
The smell of hoate and smokyng roast,
though it be deare and geason,
Dothe not deelyte of it owne selle:
thou makes the culleis good.
Thy sweate and pyne, makes sweete and fyne,
and saours all thy food.
What taste is there, yf thou beeste gorged?
ne can it well endue,
In lampre, or in leueret,
or choppyn oysters newe.
Pathelisse, I can not thee perswade,
but yf they bothe be dresse,
The Pecoche, and the pubble hen,
the Pecoche tasteth best.
Begyled with apparances:
because her costly sayle
Is rare: and that a circled pyde
She beareth in her tayle.
As though that were materiall:
her feathers doste thou eate,
So gape to thee: or is the ells,
in brothe the better meate?
The fleshe of bothe is muche alike:
thou loues the pecoche, tho,
Because of gallant gaye plummes:
well, lette it then be so.
The Dogge fysh, that from Tyber cums,
or streame in Tuscus streete,
Why is it worse, then that, from sea
where wastlyng waues doo mate?
D dotyng worlde, aboue the rest,
they loue the Pullet greate,
And yet doo mynce her smale and smale,
before they doo her eate.

Tuscus, a
strete in Ro-
me, nere to a
creek of the
sea.

Thus

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The second Satyre.

Thus may we see, the syght is all:

If syght make thynges excell,

Great Porpoises, shoulde be in price:

na, sothely I can tell

Why they be not: this porpose fysh,

with vs is euery where:

A mullet for the mincing dames,

for that is rare and dere.

The temperate will litle eate

and feede of simple there.

Some gluttons would eate greater fysh,

to satiffye theyr maues,

(Lyke hellyshe Harpies) from a panne,

with gredie gnawynge lawes.

But you, you wastefull southerne wyndes,

corrupt their viandes all:

It needes not muche: for bore or bytte,

dothe taste to them as galle.

When to muche haucke hath them cloyde,

then gyn they soze to longe

For rapes, and Helicampane roote,

and doo the beggers wronge.

So kyniges (to haue theyr courses lust)

Relect not poze mens cates,

As egges, and oyle, with suche the lyke

receyue and vnde of states.

The heraulde Gallo for a dyshe

He vnde vppon a day,

Was yll rebukde. But they to blame:

for byttes fewe durste assay.

The Bytte dyd scope abroad in seas,

The Storke dyd kepe her neste,

Before paunche pampyring Pretorie,

tolde howe they shoulde be dresse.

If some, the rolled cormorant,

delytfull woulde reporte,

Farre sought
farre brought
deare bought
good for La-
dys.

The dyshe,
was a fysh
cawled Acci-
piter a while
vsmall pea and
noble, after-
ward cōtemp-
tible.

Pyctorie, a
frende to the
kychin.

The second Satyre.

Our youthe (soone taught to naughtynesse) would trye it for a sporte,

The couetous and sparynge man we muste not note for one,

(As Owell saythe) if thou, percase from one synne wouldeste be gone,

And therby happe into a woyle, that were a bootlesse case,

Canis a concourse mpler. Canis, in whome for his deserte, that name maye well take place,

Olde olives. Olde olives, and the dogtree fruite, and lees of chaunged wyne,

And byle vnpleasaunt greaspe oyle, to lothesome for a swyne.

(If he dyd feast his frende at home, or kepe his native daye,

One good note of a charl to be liberal of that which is naughte. Or solemnise the tyme by chaunce, in surly ryche araye.)

Demaunde. Abundance of suche corrupt stuffe, Amongst his, he woulde outlaye.

What dyet shall the wyse man then, twirte two contraries vse?

Shall he the trade of couetysle, or prodigall refuse?

Replie. Unspotted he, that kepes hym free, and leanes to neither syde.

Albut ye. He shall not be lyke Albut ye, who, when he dothe deuyde,

His housholde charge, emongst his men, himselfe wyll nothyng doo:

Neuie. For yet lyke Neuie wayte at boorde, for that is foolyshe too.

Powe lysten well, howe great the fruite, of sparyng dicte be:

First good for healthe, for thys thou must, perswade thy selfe with me:

That:

The second Satyre.

That many thyngs annoyeth man,
 And meates doo muche offende,
 Though they be pleasant, yea and good,
 yet, when thou doste them blende,
 As, fysh with fowle,rosse meates with boyle,
 to choler goes the sweete:
 The moylt to sleame, for stomacke sleame
 a guest is mooste vnnete.
 Agayne, the corps chargde with excesse,
 dothe ouercharge the mynde,
 Abandonyng to earthly thyngs,
 the soule of heauenly kynde.
 The temperate may soone dispole
 his membrs to their rest,
 And ryle agayne deliquetly,
 to labour quicke and prest.
 He shall be in the better plyte,
 In tyme that happen may,
 As when the yeare by compasse tourne,
 shall byng the pagiaunt day.
 Or if he take confortatiues
 to helpe hym at his neede:
 For yeares wyll come, and craspe age,
 who dayntily must feede.
 In age, or sycknesse, what shall be,
 delityng vnto thee?
 Who haste preuented in thy youthe
 suche pleasure as myght bee?
 The rammythe Boze, they went to prayle,
 not that they had no nose
 To feele hym smell, but to this ende,
 that he whiche dyd repose
 hym selfe with them, myght egerly
 fall to, and eate his meate:
 Because they woulde not gluttonlyke,
 theyr whole prouision eate.

Worshy frutes
 of temper-
 tance.

The second Satyre.

In those dayes, I woulde haue ben bozne,
in suche an honeste tyme:
I loue well hospitalitie,
If riot cause not crime.
If thou doste stande in awe of verbe,
or force a rymeres reede:
Take heede suche sortes and subtilties
of cates wyll make thee neede.
Bothe shame and harme they wyll procure,
agayne, adde to this same,
Thy kynsmen wyth, thy frends made foes,
thy selfe foe to thy name.
Whythynge for deathe, and shalt not dye,
but lyue to wayle and mone.
Thy wanton wealth, thy beggers plight
thy treasures that be gone.
(Saythe taunting Tracy) maye not I
lay out my coyne at wyll?
My rentes come to me thicke and thicke,
my want is foryson styll,
Not thre kynges can dispende with me,
who sayth, I may not spende?
Therefore, the surplus of thy goodes
aplye to better ende.
Why want the silly needie soules
refreshyng at thy hande?
Why doo the temples of the goddes,
without repayyng stande?
Thou corse carle, thy countrey dere,
from hongie substance, suche
Shall she haue naught? wylt onely thou
denoure alone so muche?
O ieste, vnto thy very foes,
For, whether may haue more,
(If fortune frowne, and greses growe on)
esperance to his store?

Thoy,

The second Satyre.

Thou: whiche was married to thy mincke,
 and freshe in gay attyre,
 O he: that dreading chaunce to cum,
 a litle dothe despyre
 And keepes it well, and warylye
 to helpe in hopelesse tyde,
 Lyke as the wyse, in golden peace
 for stormye warre prouide.
 For more beleefe in this behalfe,
 I then a litle boy
 Can now repozte, that Ocellus,
 put not so greate a ioy.
 For pleased so, in his chiefe wealth,
 as in his worst decay.
 This was a common talke of his
 when he bare greatesse sway.
 Als one to me: on workyday
 I neuer coulde be taken
 With better meate, in feilde or towne,
 then roots or chimney bacon.
 I, and my sonnes, keepe thus in seilde,
 our cattell seilde forsaken.
 But if old acquaintaunce cum,
 Who hath bene longe away
 Or sum good honest neyghboure els,
 through sleetie driffling daye,
 Do cease from worke, we mery make
 not with suche costlie fysh,
 But with a chicken, or a kyd,
 and grapes our seconde dishe,
 A nutte, or els sum kynde of figge,
 the table fayne awaye
 We drinke about, and afterwarde
 for Ceres gistes we pray.
 So, flye awaye the freating cares,
 that brynge the wimpled age.

Ocellus: talke
 in prosperitie.

Horace:
 A more honest
 kynde of libe-
 ralitye.

Ex pluvio vino contracta serua frontis. 125. 2. wrinkled.

The second Satyre.

Let furiouse fortune frowne and fume,
 and rotte hyr selfe in rage,
 She can not much empyre our rates:
 my seruants haue not founde.
 Their cheare much woyle sence **Ambrenus**
 hath gotte away our grounde.
 It matters not for nature gave
 not me this proper lande,
 At firste, nor him, nor any els,
 he chaste vs forth with hande,
 His beastelynes will chase him out,
 or sum expulsive lawe,
 Or els his heire that shall suraue,
 when he muste couche full lawe.
 Now **Ambrens** grounde, of late **Ofells**
 (a thing not very stable)
 Now myne, now thyne, so muste we take,
 the worlde as variable.
 Let nothing cause your courage quaple,
 in care be constante stille,
 And bende your brestes to beare the blowes
 of fortune that be ille.

Ambrenus a
 fowldier who
 had y^e grounde
 geuen him by
Augustus.

THE POET SHEVETH
 a greate skill or workmanship in this Satyre,
 especiallie, in that he earnestlye studying
 to make others good, is himselfe partely
 contented to be controuled by the
 stoicke **Damasip**, as a fluggarde
 and pretermittet of duety
 full occasions.
 The stoicke proues sinne to be a
 certayne kynde of
 madnesse.

The thinde Satyre



Du writte so seldom vnto me,
 that fowre tymes in a yere
 Scarle cumis a pen wthyn your hande,
 perusinge written geare.
 Halfe angris with your selfe I weane,
 that dzente in wyne and slepe,
 You spendinge time in sylente pause,
 of Satyres beres no keepe.
 Performe thy promys once at lengthe,
 goe to, what shall we haue:
 Thou coms from Saturnes feast I trow,
 from dzinke thy selfe to saue.
 Will nothing be: You blante your muse,
 so do you Poets all,
 Accuse your pen, when to your mynde,
 your sentence will not fall.
 When thou camste to the countrey towne,
 to lyue a parte from strife,
 Thy vilage gaue, as thoughe thou wouldste
 haue written bookes for lyfe.
 Penander, and dan Platos workes,
 why do they on you wayte:
 Why broughte you Capolis to towne,
 and Archilog his mate:
 You meane for feare of spytefull folke,
 all vertue to disclame,
 Thou cal ife shalte cum to contempte,
 shun idole ioyes for shame:
 Or els surrender all suche praise,
 as thou haste got before:
 By worke of witte, in full intente
 to mell wth it no moze.
 For this sage counsaile, (Damaspe)
 the heauenly goddes I pray,

Damaspe:

The Poet
 contene to be
 reproued but
 not at such a
 paine the Mares
 chaunte as

To

The thyrd Satyre.

this stoicke
Damasip.

To sende a barber speedelye,
to wyppye your berde awaye.

Horace.

In deede, and knowe you me so wel,
howe cums it so to passe?

Damasip.

I sufferde shipwracke of my goddes,
whilste I a merchaunte was.

And therefore now can spare an eye,
the worlde to ouerbewe.

Then was I plunged in affaires,
as they me droue and dzeue,

To know what dauntage by erchaunge,
to clippe and washe my goulde,

By subtilties in mineralles,
my state for to bypoulde.

By suche lyke sorte came I to haue,
an ample wealthie share

To purchasse orchardes for mine ease,
and bowers byghte and fayre.

My witte so deepe soe sore to deale,
such lucke, to win or saue,

That me a Mercurialiste,
to surname then they gaue.

I know it well and maruaile much,
If that be ridde and gone:

Excepte thou haste sum worse diseases
whiche needes will rayne alone.

As phisikes cure from heade to breste,
diseases can conuey,

As by excesse of much madnes,
dyue lythergie away.

Perchaunce you setting fraude a parte,
the mad mans part will play.

Dama.

Frende Horace, you are mad lykewyse.

And so is euerye sole,

If stoicke Stertin taughte vs once,
true doctrine in his schole.

The third Satyre.

Of whome, I learnde this trade of lyfe,
 no trewande in my loze,
 He dubde me then a stoick sage,
 and bad me moze no moze.
 Though all the worlde shoulde go to wracke,
 (soz from a bypdge I mente
 All headlonge to haue horlde my selfe
 so things againste me wente.)
 Approchinge nygh. I do not so,
 frende Damascip (quod he)
 What thirlinge throlwes doth twitche thy hartee
 what shame confoundeth the?
 The people cawle the giddishc mad,
 why, all the worlde is so:
 If thou be mad, and thou alone:
 bedzounde: I lette the goe.
 But what is madnes to despyne?
 Crysp, that noble clarke,
 Cals all fooles mad, and all whose mindes,
 are duskde with errozs darke.
 This rule, makes mad a nountberouse swarme,
 of subiects and of kinges,
 And none exemptes, saue those in whome,
 the well of wysdome springes.
 Now leane thyne eares, and listen well,
 perceauie howe all be mad,
 Peca those who earlste to make the worlse,
 such mockeryes haue had.
 Admit there be through darke sum wood,
 a speedie sokepathe way,
 On ryghte syde same, on lefte syde sum:
 and all do go a stray.
 Through wilsumnes of wilderness:
 the erroz is all one,
 Though through miswandzinge diuerslye,
 they diuerslye haue gone.

*The Scolke,
 Startne sup
 plyeth with
 his talke al-
 moste all the
 satyre solo-
 nge.*

Thou.

The third Satyre

I reason to
proue al mad,
whiche treade
not in one
true foote=
pathe of wise=
dome.

Thou maist be mad, (frende Damasip)
thou maiste be muche vnwyse,
Thy mockers staringe mad also,
though in an other guyse:
One manner frensie is, to feare
when nothinge is a misse,
As hilles on plaines, or seas on mountes,
this kynde of buggo; this:
An other like a desperate,
nothinge at all to feare,
To trudge through deepe, high, hoate, and coulde,
to pzeale vppon a speare.
His frendes reclaims his sister deare,
his parentes and his wyfe,
Theirs rockes, theirs Seas greates dread (say they)
swæte kinselman saue your lyfe.
He will not heare, for all their crye,
no more then Fusle coulde,
When he through force of drowlie drinke,
was falne in slumber coulde.
He shoulde recyte the drunkards parte,
he druncke his parte away,
The people egde him for to speake,
he wiste not what to say.
One way or other all are mad,
as Damasip, which oulde
Pictures did bye, was mad, and he,
that lente to him the goulde.
Moste mad is he, that takes a truste,
not haupnge hope to pay:
Moste mad is he, which may make boulde
and dare not his assay.
Assay (quod you) but who woulde truste,
for now the worlde is suche,
That lende a man, a thousand crownes,
or more, or nye so muche,

And

The third Satyre

And take a bill of his hande wyte,
 an obligation make,
 So lawyer lyke, so clarklie drauone,
 that none coulde it mistake,
 And bynde him strapte, to kepe a day,
 in payne of marks and poundes,
 Shew witnes write, and what thou canste,
 or losse, or shake thy groundes
 The one will he do: lyke Proteus,
 to shapes ychaunged, he
 Somtime a boze, a birde, a stone,
 and when he liste a tree.
 No doubt he will attempte all shiffes,
 to shifte him selfe from the.
 If wyse men vse for to do well,
 and foolcs for to do ill,
 What say you to our creditoz,
 our vsurer Petill?
 Is he not mad: who when he lendes,
 for increase asketh more,
 Then the poze debter can performe,
 though he shoulde swelt therfore.
 Pe lecherouse, luxurionk,
 pe supersticiouse:
 Pe shottishe, dotishe, doulthishe dawes,
 that nothing can discusse.
 Draue on my Clyents one by one,
 be not agreisste ne sad,
 Stande still in stounde; kepe whilste (I say)
 whilste I doe proue you mad.
 I charge you, you ambitious,
 and you that mucker good,
 To gerde your golwes, to sytt and harken,
 whilste I doe proue you wood.
 The couetouse, of Heliboz:
 the greater parte muste haue,

Petill vsurer

The third Satyre

One parte of
a mad man, to
seeke, bayne
gloze after
his deathe.

Arrey super-
uisor of y^e will,

Staberie,

Stoker,

Or rather all the pilles, for the head
as they which moste do raue.
The executors of Staberie,
engraylde on his graue,
What were his ample legaces,
and what to them he gaue.
For so he had in testament,
and if they woulde not so,
That then to maintayne sworde players
moste of his goddes shoulde go.
Arrey did superuise this will,
who shoulde geue them in wheate,
To preserve spozte, as muche as halfe
a countrey coulde well eate.
What though I did (misIudge me not,
I had a wittie meaninge,
No doubt you had, to this intente,
was all his gylefull gleaninge.
To haue his heyres, entayle in stones
his honnorable will:
Peade was to him a wickednes,
yea an vngodly ill.
Therefore in deede full dreadefullle,
he wayed it as goddes curse:
If at his death, then in his lyfe,
one dookin he were worse,
For all and euerie thinge (quod he)
vertue, renoumne, and fame,
The corpes, the golfe, both crouche to copne,
and serue vnto the same,
Which who so hath all at his luste,
him nedes no further thinge,
He maye be famousse, stonte, and iuste,
a wyseman and a kyng.
And this is even as good as if
by vertue he by grue:

But

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The third Satyre.

Dristippe a
Philosopher
that flattered
Alexander.

But Staberie oz Aristippe,
of lykely, iudge not true.
Who tranaylinge in Lybie coste
his golde casse away,
Because it did from tozneyinge,
his men a litle stay.
Whiche is the madder of the twaine:
but we ne can, ne will
Sample, againste erample bringe,
to samples that be ill.
If that a man bye instruments,
and horde them in a place,
him selfe not wepyng of the sounde,
noz forcinge musikes grace:
If that a man shoulde bye him stufte,
and tooles to sett vp shop:
Or bye him sayles to hange in ship
to hale her by the top:
And neuer meane to practise oughte,
is he not staringe mad:
Why is not this our couetouse
as much in frensyde clad:
Who hoozdes his monye, and his gould,
and vnneath dare auouche it,
Because it is so preciouste,
to peepe at it, oz touche it.
If that a man an hudge heape
of corne shoulde euer keepe,
With stretched arme, and club in hande,
for feare berefte of slepe,
And beinge owner, durste not take,
one graine, (misdeadinge wast),
Eatinge most bitter rootes and leaues,
vnmilde vnto the taste:
If, one haue manie vessels full,
a thousande tun of wyne,

G

And

The third Satyre

One parte of
a mad man, to
seeke, bayne
gloype after
his deathe,

Arrey Super-
uisor of y^e will,

Staberie,

Stokke,

Or rather all the pilles, for the head
as they which moste do raue,
The errecutours of Staberie,
engraylde on his graue,
What were his ample legaces,
and what to them he gaue.
For so he had in testament,
and if they woulde not so,
That then to maintayne sworde players
moste of his goddes shoulde go.
Arrey did superuise this will,
who shoulde geue them in wheate,
To p^reserue spo^rte, as muche as halfe
a countrey coulde well eate.
What though I did (misjudge me not,
I had a wittie meaninge,
No doubt^e you had, to this intente,
was all his gylefull gleaninge.
To haue his heyres, entayle in stones
his honnorable will:
Prade was to him a wickednes,
yea an vngodly ill,
Therefore in deede full dreadefulle,
he wayed it as goddes curse:
If at his death, then in his lyfe,
one dookin he were worse,
For all and euerie thinge (quod he)
vertue, renoume, and fame,
The corpes, the golfe, both crouche to copne,
and serue vnto the same,
Which who so hath all at his luste,
him nedes no further thinge,
He maye be famous, stonke, and luste,
a wylfeman and a kynge.
And this is even as good as if
by vertue he vp grue:

But

101
The third Satyre.

*Aristippe a
Philosopher
that flattered
Alexander.*

But Staberle or Aristippe,
of lykely, iudge not true.
Who tranaylinge in Lybie coste,
his golde caste away,
Because it did from iorneyinge,
his men a litle stay:
Whiche is the madder of the twaine?
but we ne can, ne will
Sample, againste example bringe,
to samples that be ill.
If that a man bye instruments,
and horde them in a place,
Him selfe not weyinge of the sounde,
nor forcinge musikes grace:
If that a man shoulde bye him stufte,
and tooles to sett vp shop:
Or bye him sayles to hange in ship
to hale her by the top:
And neuer meane to practise oughte,
is he not staringe mad?
Why is not this our couetouse
as much in frenshe clad?
Who hoozdes his monye, and his gould,
and vnneth dare auouche it,
Because it is so preciousse,
to peepe at it, or touche it.
If that a man an hudge heape
of corne shoulde euer keepe,
With stretched arme, and club in hande,
for feare berefte of sleepe,
And beinge owner, durste not take,
one graine, (misdeadinge walte),
Eatinge most bitter rootes and leaues,
vnmilde vnto the taste:
If, one haue manie vessels full,
a thousande tun of wyne,

¶

And

The third Satyre.

And drinke nothing but binaiger,
vntastie and vnspye:

Goe to, if one of fyue score yeares
do lye on couche of grounde,

And haue his downe, and fetherbeddes,
(where he mighte sleepe full sounde)

Stuffe vp in chestes, for woymes and mothes:
sum will not houlde them mad,

Because the moste of wealthie men,
be now as byle and bad.

O hatefull head, forlozne to God,
spares thou for tyme to cum?

Pa, na, thou spares that thy lewde childe
may spende the totall sum.

Eche day will spende sum portion,
(thou thinckes) if thou do spende.

Oyle to annointe, oyle for thy borde,
mongste thy meates to blende.

Further, thou sayste, it is the beste,
to lyue vppon a small.

Why doste thou then forswear thy selfe,
and filche in places all?

Testie anger
a kynde of
madnes.

Waste thou the wittes, that beates thy men,
because nothings can please the?

Which thou with purse, haste purchesse deare,
to ayde the and to ease the.

When thou doste payson thy parentes,
and strangle vp thy wyfe,

Arte thou not mad, though in Arge towne,
thou droue not out her lyfe

For yet with sword as Drestle did,
or do not it inacte?

Yes, yf for hope of gaine thou haste,
but thoughte vppon thy fate.

21 - I mā is mad
at the first co-
cept of mis-
chance.

Was he not mad before his blade
had buzde his mothers baine?

103

The third Satyre.

Or forthwith, as this cruell fitt,
 Was crepte into his braine:
 Synce that Orestes hath bene clepte
 giddie and mad by name,
 After the cryme, he hath not done,
 a fatte, of haynouse blame.
 His syster deare, no: Pylades,
 he neuer stroke with sworde.
 To him, and her sumtimes he gaue,
 a soule vnforwarde worde.
 Per seende him worse, as him to speake,
 his pearlinge choler woulde:
 But thou in harte kilste all thy frendes,
 that thou mightes haue their goulde.
 The perryfather *Optimie*,
 who had so muche in store,
 Who holyday and workingday,
 did toyle whilst he were sore,
 Was troubled so with lythergie,
 for sleepe he coulde not stere,
 His heyre wente rounde aboute the chestes,
 with blythe and iocunte cheare:
 A frendlye quicke Whisition,
 to make, *Optimie* starte,
 Contriude it thus: he had them bringe,
 a borde into the place.
 A sozte, eke to vnseale the bagges,
 and tell the coyne a pace.
 He rearde the sickman from his bed,
 Sy? (quod he) houlde it faste
 Or els no doubte, those will haue all,
 and sparple all at laste.
 In my life tyme: *Whi.* awake betime,
 be lyuely then in dede.
 What shall I doe: *Wh.* fall to thy meate,
 there is no way but fede.

O.g.

els

The third Satyre.

- Elc,** will thy spirits be for saynte,
thy vigour fall away,
Thy stomake weake and languishinge,
will bringe the to decay.
Or. You geue me naughte. **Wh.** drinke by forthewith,
this Wylsande made of ryce.
Op. What shall I pay? **Wh.** a small **Op.** how much.
Wh. Two pence. **Op.** alacke, the pryce.
Such costes is worlse, then sworde or theefe,
cum death I will not ryse.
Damasip. Now who is mad? **Sto.** Eche folish man,
what is the couetouse?
Dam. A foole and mad. **Dam.** what if a man
St. be nothinge rauenouse,
Eftsones shall he coumpted sounde?
no: **Dam.** Stoicke tell me why?
Sto. Put case the restlesse patiente,
full ill at ease shoulde lye,
His pulse doth shew, he hath no kitcher,
nor straininge at his harte:
Is that ynough to warraunte him,
forth of his couthche to starte?
Sharpe panges may twitch him in the reynes,
and twitch him in the syde:
So, though one be not couetouse,
yet may he swell with pryde.
" They neade no salue, to say a sooth.
that vse not for to lye,
" Pathelesse the testie may take pilles,
to purge melancolpe.
" Almoste as ill to horde thy goodes,
that they geue no releefe,
As if thou shouldest bestow them on,
an arraunte pilferinge theefe.
Oppidie. Olde Oppidie two manors kepte
of longe in Cause towne

The thyr d Satyre.

105

Entailde to him by dyg descente
 who sicke, and lyinge downe,
 On deade bed then calde for his sonnes,
 (which were no more but twaine)
 And thus to speake vnto them both,
 the parente woulde him paine.
 Aulus, my sonne, when thou in youth,
 counters in purse didste beare,
 And franchlie on thy playfers wouldeste,
 bestow them here and theare.
 Tyber my sonne when thou thy nutter
 wouldeste tell and tell againe,
 By this I gatherd, that in you,
 two diuers sinnes woulde raine:
 That Aulus woulde be ryotouse,
 that Tyber naught woulde spende,
 Wherfore, for gods owne loue deare sonne
 vnto my loze attende.
 Aulus, looke thou diminishe not,
 not Tyber thou increase.
 That, which your father thoughte ynowgh
 to mantayne you in peace.
 And, that which nature limiteth:
 Leste, ticklinge glozie may
 Incense your heartes, take here an othe,
 before I passe away:
 That which of you shall setwe in Rome,
 for rouse or for degre,
 Shall take him selfe, as most deteste,
 and quyte accurst of me.
 Alas, Aulus (mine elder childe)
 to geue the giffes of pryce,
 So deale amongst the Citizens,
 that they gainste the may ryse.
 That thou maiste walke in pompe and porte,
 thy statues stande in brasse,

A pretty note
 for parents.

2!

Lyke Agrippa.

C.ij.

What

The thyrd Satyre.

What bayleth that: when all is gone
 what bayleth that (alas,

Excepte to win a princes fame,
 and plausible estate,

*Esops his
 fore.*

Lyke fore: thou weare a Lyons skin
 to seeme a Lyons mate.

*Insolence no
 ted in princes
 in Agamem-
 nons perso-
 nage.*

What, though thou warte a prince in deede,
 in pride thou mighte offende,

Tucer.

As Agamemnon, in whose wordes
 most princes wordes are pende,

Agamemnon.

Byr kinge, why maye not Ajax be
 enterred in his graue?

Tucer.

I am a kinge, my lusts a lawe,
 your answer (lo you haue,

Moste puissaunt prince, my suite is iuste,
 if anie can say nay,

Without all stop, or leoperdie,
 his sentence let him say.

God graunte, your noble maiestie,
 to see your natyue soyle.

Leege prynce, take pause a space, and then,
 my poze demaunde assoyle,

Agam.

Demaunde at once: Tell: shall duke Ajax,
 the nexte to fearse Achill,

Who famousse was, bysawinge greakes,
 vntombd farrye still:

That Briame, and his folke may for,
 to see him lacke his graue:

By whome their Troiane yonkers slayne,
 no countrie tounge coulde haue:

Agamem.

A thousande sheepe, he slewe in rage,
 the famousse Vlixes

Menelaus and me with sworde
 he thoughte he did diseale.

Tucer.

When thou in Auled for a cowe,
 didste slay thy louing childe,

And

The thyrd Satyre.

And salte her heade on alter stone,
waste thou then mad or mylde
In what degre did Ajax rage:
what did he? slay the sheepe.
From lemans bayne, and daughters baine,
his blade he coulde ykeepe
Perchaunce he curste and bande at large,
the, and thy brother to:
With me, no? Vlixes his foe,
he neuer had to doe.
The lingering shippes, that they might sayle,
from hauen where they stode,
Of purpose good, I pacified,
the wrothefull goddes with blood.
With blood of thyne, thou mad kinge, thou,
with mine, but I not mad.
Who doth confounde things good and ill
(as you) is euen as bad.
To solow shewes, and vttershapes,
to gesse but at the good
As follie leude: as is the deede,
that coms of angrie moode.
Ajax he slew the sillie lambes,
therfore, distraughte of wittes:
And thou for tytles, and renoume,
sell murther doste commit.
(Hast thou thy wittes? or arte thou god,
all swelled vp with pryde?
If in a couche, a syne flesde lambe,
a kinge shoulde cause to ryde,
And geue it rayments neate, and gay,
and geue it maydes and goulde,
And call it pugges and pretpe peate,
and make as though he woulde,
In worthy wedlocke it bestowe:
the preto? woulde fordoe it,

Agamemnon.

Tucer.

Agam.

Sto.cke.

G. lly.

An

The thyrd Satyre.

And make his frendes looke to his witte,
 for feare he shoulde forgoe it
 What if a kynge, for a dounge sheepe,
 his daughter sacrifice,
 I wene the kyng will graunte him selfe,
 not to be verye wyse.

„ Fondnesse is madnesse, so is sinne,
 and who that hunteth for name
 „ Is lyke Bellona chafinge dame,
 that loues to see a name :

} Bellona gods
 deesse of warr.

„ Who scales faines forte ofte times doth see,
 byze seates and vse the same.

Against the
 riotouse, as he
 promised.

But now a crashe at Pomentane
 to reuellers a whyle,
 No reason is this foultishe flocke
 from madnes to erile.

The prodigall, by witte worde hath
 ten talentes : in his heate,
 He biddes the costerdmongeters, and
 thappothycaries neate.

Foulers, fishers, sculls, poding wrightes,
 the trulls of Tuscus create,
 All cookes and all the shambles eke,
 to morow him to meate

At home. How are they occupye
 when they are mette in one.

The baude (as spokes man for the rest)
 its thine (sayth he alone,

What so all those o2 I, possesse,
 at home o2 anie wheare,

Demaunde it (master when you woll,
 now sy2, vnto this geare,

Harke, how our yunker frames his tale,
 Ah trustie frendes (saith he)

The fouler wades through froste and snowe
 that he may banquet me.

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The thirde Satyre.

The fether drawes the wyntre seas,
 whylste I doo lytte at ease,
 In saythe, good felowes, fayne woulde I
 your great turmoylyng please:

Take thou some thyng, take tenne tymes more,
 take thou as muche agayne,
 And thou threfolde, because with me,
 your wyse hath taken payne.
 Pounge Aelope, snatche a ryng awaye,
 from madame Metells eare:

Metells, a lady
 of Rome.

The pearle well worthe fyre hundreth crownes,
 He dronke in vinigeare:
 He as much besydes hym selfe
 as braynlesse in this case,
 As yf he hadde it drent in flood
 oz in some byler place.

The broode of Quintus Arius,
 the famous brethzen twayne:

Arius, a noble
 man of
 Rome.

Through lewd conceites, and babysh pranks
 do make theyr stomacke fayne
 And lyuely with the lymnets fleshe,
 that be of costly price.

Be these men, wene you, well in wyfte?
 be these men madde oz wyse?

To buylde an house of chippes and cardes,
 to watche the trappe for myse:

To playe at enen and odde, to ryde
 cockhorse in chylde the guyle:

At these shoulde please a bearded syre,
 the foole myght haue a hood,

Muche more, to haunte an harlots house,
 dothe proue an olde man wood.

An olde man, for to spyll his teares,
 to please a womans mynde,

Is as an olde man shoulde in duste,
 go taue, and toyes out fynde:

G. b. I wold

The thirde Satyre.

Palamon.

I woulde haue all these naughty packes
to doo lyke Palamon:

As he for shame vppon a tyme,

**A fondlinge
knowe by his
ensignes.**

With dzyne all ouergon,

The badges of a fondlynge, as,

bzaue naphyns, bzaceletts, rynges,

He layde away, and went to schoole,

to learns moze sober thynges.

Commaunde a chylde, to eate a peare,

he wyll not eate a byt:

Commaunde hym, not to eate the peare,

the chylde wyll long for yt.

So fares it, with oure fondlyng (lo)

though he desyres to go,

And woulde this coythe paramour,

vnbodden wende vnto.

Phedria.

Pea when she daynes to sende for hym,

then mammeryng he dothe doute,

What should I go, as suppliant:

or beare my sorowes skoute:

She shutte me out, she sendes for me,

shoulde I come there agayne:

No, though she shoulde vpon her knees,

Praye me, to take the payne.

Stolke.

He thynkes the seruaunt Parmeno.

hath muche the better brayne.

Parmeno.

The thyng master, that hathe in it

no measure, nor aduice,

“ By reason, can not well be rulde:

Loue hath in it muche byce.

“ Theres storny warre, and caulmle peace,

whiche (passyng as a blaste,

“ And stotyng on, in blynde successe)

Who seeketh to make faste,

“ Shall take in hande, an harde attempte,

miraculons, and geason:

As yt he woulde at once be madde,

The thirde Satyre.

and haue his perfitte reason,
 A man that faultreth in hys speache,
 for age, and yet is gladde,
 To playe at quoytes, or spancounter,
 may well be counted madde:
 A man, that faultreth in his speache,
 and wyll by sworde and myght,
 Obteyne his loue, or murther her
 in cruell bloody plyngh:
 As Marius slewe Hilade,
 and slewe hymselfe also,
 Because she sought by godly meanes,
 his dotage to vndo.
 This perturbation maye be calde,
 a wodnesse of the mynde:
 Suche wyckednes and madnes, haue
 no dyuers names by kynde.
 An olde man late enfranchised,
 in dawnyng of the day,
 With hands faine washt, wold walk the stretes
 and moste deuoutlye praye.
 The more deale was to this effete:
 O Godds aboue, (for you
 Can doo the thyng) lette me plyue
 in earthe where I am nowe:
 This man was sounde enoughe in corpe,
 in mynde I thynke hym madde,
 Except his maister lyke not that,
 who shoulde hym of a ladde.
 Suche folke, so superstitious,
 Chrysip doothe greatly charge,
 And pleades by ryght, that they shoulde sayle
 in madame Madnesse barge.
 O Ioue, whiche bothe canst eke and ease,
 all dolour and all teene,
 Rue on my chyld (the mother crieth)
 who nowe fye weekes hathe bene,

Stolcke.

77

77

77

Marius a
known
Romane:

espysde
with the
loue of Hil
lade.

Daide de
tage mere
madnesse.

Superstition
proued mad
nes.

In oulde tyme,
 if anie sould a
seruaunte,
 who after
sworde proued
mad, it turned
to the sellers
endamage.

The thirde Satyre.

With feuer quartayne, felly tosse,
yf thou wylte heale my sonne,
Byd me to faste, what day thou wylt,
thy great wyl shall be donne:
My sonne lyke wyse reconerde once,
in Tyber flood shall stande,
If thou wylt send hym helpe by chaunce,
or by phisitons hande.

And so she will (to kepe her bowe)
her chylde in Tyber sette:

The boye throughe chille benumbednesse,
his ague worse shall gette.

This woman maddeth of her selfe,
or by the will of God.

Damasip.

Thus Stertin theyght wyse man of Grece,
taught me, and gaue a nod:

As to his frende, at knyttynge vp:
this armour he me gaue:

If any man be busye now,
his guardon he shall haue.

Who so that calls me wood or madde,
maye learne his propre lacke,

And knowe the ferdele of his faultes,
that hange behynde his backe.

Stoicke.

Frende Damasip, though you haue loste
your trafficke and your ware:

Pet may you gayne, for some will geue
that you theyr faultes maye spare.

Damasip.

Because thers many kyndes of madde,
in what sorte doo I dote:

Pet to my selfe I seme not madde,
nor from my witte a tote.

Stoicke.

No more semed Agave to her selfe,
when she of dolefull chylde,

The head detrunce byd beare about,
she thought her selfe full myde.

113

The thirde Satyre.

If soothe it be, that I am madde,
 yet stoicke tell me this,
 What vice is it, through whiche I seeme
 so muche to doo amys?
 Thou arte a very little man,
 scarce thre small cubites hye,
 And yet thou buyldes a hautte house,
 and makes it threate the skye.
 Thou laughste at Turbo sworde player,
 a little dandie prat,
 To see hym skoute: thou lesse, and skoute:
 I deeme thee madde for that.
 Thynks thou, to buyld lyke lord Macene,
 to doo, what he shall doo?
 A matche vnniete betwixte you twayne,
 and yll appoynted too.
 The mother frogge vppon a tyme
 abode to feede, or playe:
 A Calfe kylde all her young, with soote,
 but one, that scape awaye:
 Which brought the tydynges to her damme,
 howe suche a myghtie beaste,
 Had slayne her noble progente,
 (to tell a blouddie feast.)
 Canste thou with swellynge make thy selfe,
 (quod tholde) as bygge as he?
 The pong assayde, it woulde not proue
 (quod tholde) so lette it be.
 Poewe moralise this fable, and
 styvs it toucheth thee,
 That styll wyl swell, and make thy matche
 aboue thyne owne degree.
 Besydes, thy pratyng Poemes to,
 be matter playne and clere,
 To proue thee madde, in poemes madde,
 yf euer any were.

Stoicke.

Turbo.

The fable ap-
 plyeth the wil-
 ling rather to
 the old frogge
 but it shallecth
 not so resump-
 tion be eschue-
 ed in olde and
 younge.

It is

The fourth Satyre

It is a madnesse, thee thy copie,
so frankly to disburse.

(Frende Damasp, abate thy spence,
be counsaile by thy purse.

Damasp, Well stolcke, thou haste taught vs playne,
that moſte of men be wood:

As not to proue me ſo, agayne,
I praye thee be ſo good.

THE POETE COMMONETH

with the Epicure Catius, who reueleth vnto hym
a great companie of ſcholetrickes of that ſecte.
The poet nyppeth hym ſloutyngly, as he dyd els where
the preciſe Stoike, and ſuche the lyke ſondlynges.

The fourth Satyre.

Horace.
Catius.

Hom whence, and whether Catius,
I haue no tyme, farewell,
To teache a ſchoole of newe preceptes,
not ſuche as doo excell,

Pythagoras, or Socrates,
or lettred Dan Plato.

Hor.

I graunt my gylte, atyll aſpecte,
to ſpeake vnto you ſo:

Patheleſſe, I hope your maſterſhippe,
ayll beare with me thys ones,

Some dayntie doctrine of your ſecte,
and nouell for the nones

Propounde, of nature, or of arte,
for you in bothe doo paſſe.

Cat.

Pea ſy, to ſpeake of matters all,
that aye my comynge was,

And ſo to ſpeake accordyngly,
of rude and homely matter.

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The fourth Satyre.

A Romayne, nor an Alpen,
that taughte you so to clatter?

Horace,

I wyll disclose his mysteries,
but not bewray his name:

Catullus.

Least some, myslykynge his preceptes,
the authoꝝ selfe myght blame.

The Epicure
his schools.

Egges longe and whyte, be nutritiue
much better then the rounde:

Egges rosted harde, be costliue, yea
vnholosome and vnsounde.

The gardeyne herbes be not so swete,
As those on mountaynes bee:

The watrye soyle, the vertue flakes,
that it is not so free.

The moushrom that doth spring in meades,
oz in a supple grounde:

Is beste, for suche as growe els where,
moſte noysome haue ben founde.

If guesstes come to thee at vnwares,
in water myrte with wyne,

Soule thou thy herne, she wyll become,
shorte, tender, neshe, and fyne.

Who after meate, eates Pulberies,
soone ryped of the sonne:

Shall lyue in health and iolytie,
whylste many sommers runne.

Ausidius, myrt heddy wyne,
and honey all in one,

Ausidius, an
yll scholer for
the Epicure
his dyete.

No craftesman he: for symple wynes
doo breede a force alone,

A louely force in symple wynes:
Meathe, brine doothe prouoke,

The Page fysh, and the Asacles cheape,
In purgynge beare a stroke.

So Coos wyne, with sozell meynt,
hath vertue to erpell.

Shelshyer

The fourth Satyre

Shellyshe, in growynge of the moone,
 is beste to eate or sell:
 Not euery sea, hath fyshe a lyke:
 Deloze in Lucrin growes,
 The Murer fishe from Baie tums,
 whence purple coloure flowes,
 From Circes choppynge oysters newe,
 From Micen brchen fishe,
 Of scaled Scalop, Tarento
 bragges, as her proper dyshe.
 To furnyshe well a feast, is harde,
 a thyng not learnde in haste:
 He that woulde doo it gorgeous,
 must haue a practisde taste.
 Its not enough to fraight the boorde
 with sea fyshe out of measure:
 There muste be brothe for squaymous folke,
 and spices all of pleasure.
 In Vmbria the masse fedde bores,
 deo charge the vessels greate:
 Wessells, whiche haue not in them bozne,
 the common sortes of meate.
 The boze is yll in Laurente soyle,
 that feedes on reakes and reeds,
 Somtymes, frome goodly pleasant vine,
 a sower tendrell speedes.
 Who lykes to eate the fruitfull hare,
 her soze partes are the beste,
 The choyce and vse of fyshe and fleshe
 by me fyrste were expresse.
 I made them so delicious,
 so welcome to the taste:
 Some can vouchesafe theyr wittes and paynes
 in pastrye for to waste.
 It is not muche commendable,
 to knowe a knacke or twayne:

The Epitome
 a Benefactor
 to the Calat.

117
The fourth Satyre.

As it in brewing spiced wyne,
thou shouldst bestow much paine:
And sauce thy meate with foystie oyles,
thy gesse woulde the disdain.
If thou wilt purge mountebalcon wyne,
and make them pure and cleare,
Set them abroad in open ayre,
when many starres appeare.
The greivous smell, by force of ayre,
will passe and fade away:
Through streyning of them through a clothe,
the good smell woulde decay.
To mingle in thyne egge at meales,
a litle sacke and saulte,
Doth mende the yelke or whyte therof,
if it haue anye faulte.
With Africke cocles or with shrimpes,
he that is cloyed may,
Be freshe againe: in stomacke sharpe,
the lettise it doth play.
The stronge may eate good loushouse meate,
in kytchins whiche be dresse,
The kitchin phisicke, is for them,
simplye, the very beste.
It is behouable to knowe,
of sauce a double kynde,
The one, of simple olyue oyle,
as we in arte do fynde.
The compounde hath that goes therto,
Constantinoble byne,
Herbes shred, and minced very thicke,
some kynde of compounde wyne:
An oyle from Menefratuum broughte,
(No) that is passinge fyne.
Most commonly, that fruite is beste,
that lyketh best the eye.

gust

The fourth Satyre.

Some grapes may be conserude by meanes,
some pressed by and by,

I taught the waye, to kepe them Greene,
without all yldre or faulte,

To eate hearryng with iuyce of grapes,
white pepper, and blacke faulte.

All thole I badde, for to be bozne,
In vessels of greate pryde.

A fayre brode fishe muste aye be bozne,
in vessells large and wyde.

To lashe out all, is not the beste,
it can not be denyde.

Muche thyng dothe hurte the stomake muche,
as if thy boye or mayde

The Epicure
cannot fynde
in his hart to
eate with a
poze man nor
to haue hym
eate or drinke
in his compa
nye.

Hadde eate in syghte, or haue thy cuppe,
With slauy the hande assayde.

Or in some creuysse motes do stycke,
bmmoued to or fro :

Therfore broomes, naphyns, must be bought,
With many trinkets mo,

It is a filthy ouersyghte,
yf all thynges be not cleane :

To rubbe thynges with thy purple cloths,
Twis it woulde them steane.

To haue suche necessary thynges
is hansom, and lesse deare,

Seclude neatenesse, and then no waste,
Can make delitefull cheare.

Sir Catius, for Goddes dere loue
and myne, my prayer is,

An other tyme, to leade me, where
I maye heare more of this.

Though well I wote, you coulde for skille,
haue played the maisters parte,

Pet nothyng lyke the Epicure,
the father of the arte.

Port.

Wesden

The fyfthe Satyre.

Besides his graue and modeste lookes,
and reuerent attyre,
Woulde make one heare him muche the moze,
with zeale, and great desyre.
Whome you perchance esteeme the lesse,
because you happie stille,
Enioye his syght: but I doo wishe
to go vnto my fill,
The christall fountaynes harde to fynde,
and there from vertues rise,
To take and practise perfecte rules,
of pure and blessed lyfe.

ULISSES AT HIS HOME

commynge. beyng brought to greate extremitie
and miserie asketh the counsaile of Tyretias, a
prophete in hell, howe he may be riche agayne. In Vlis-
ses consyder the state of pouertie, in Tyretias talke the
vngodly counsaile, of the deuyll, and the pryncie sugges-
tions of the worlde, and her practises.

The fyfte Satyre.



Yretia. at my request,
tell me a little moze,
Howe maye I be, so riche a man,
as I was once before?
By what meanes, or what pollicie?
(prophete) why doste thou smyle?

Ulissee.

As I suffill pate, arte thou not well,
from thypwzacke, and erile,
To haue escapde, thy houtholde goddes,
and Ithacke Iles to see?

Ulissee.

As prophete soothefaste in thy speche,
alas) but seest thou me,

H. J.

Howe

The fyfte Satyre.

How bare and beggerly I cum,
into my natie lande:
(Thou haupng so forzetoulde my fate)
nothings in plyghte doth stande:
The woers spende vp all my goddes,
and howses do desple.
My stocke and vertue, withoute goddes,
are thoughte as thinges most vyle.
To cut of talke, since pouertie
thou doste abhorre in harte,
Now harken how from deepe distresse,
a wittie man maye starte.
By sending, prettie presents still,
be sewer thy giffes to geue,
Unto the wealthie rich mans house,
that is not lyke to lyue.
The turtle doue, the orcharde fruite,
the honours of the felde,
The rich must haue before goddes selfe,
what so thy grounde doth yelde.
Who though he be a periurde man,
of currishe kyndred borne,
All gozed in his brothers blood,
a runagate forlorne:
Pet courtse him, and worship hym,
and if he woulde it so,
Thou maiste not stay to wayte on him,
in place where he shall go.
Can I becum a page to slanes,
to get a fillie catch,
Who, erste in Troye, euon with the beste,
was wonte to make my matche?
Therefore, still poore. Applie the worlde,
and beare it as it is,
Yes, I haue borne, and can abyde,
thinges waightier then this.

Vlixes.

Tirc.

Vlixes.

God.

The fiftbe Satyre.

(Good wysarde) tell a speedie way,
 and drue me of no more:
 Howe maye I fyll my pouches full,
 as they were heretofore?
 I sayde, and eftsoones saye to thee,
 be pregaunt aye in guyle,
 Thou muste be forgyng olde mens wylles,
 And if that in thy wyle,
 Thou arte perceyude, yf none wylly byte,
 but all from hooke doo flye:
 Though ones deceyude, dispaire not tho,
 persyste thynne arte to trye.
 If there be in arbitrement,
 a matter great or small,
 Inquyre vpon the parties bothe,
 and circumstances all.
 If thone be ryche, and chyldrenles,
 though all the grounde of stryfe
 Proceede of hym, sette thou in foote,
 and pleade his cause of lyfe.
 The other, if he haue a wyfe,
 or hope of progenye,
 Thoughe all the worlde proclaym hym good
 lette thou his quarell lye.
 Do clepe the other, by his names,
 (saye wordes with fooles take place)
 Right worshipfull, your vertues (saye)
 hath made me pleade your case.
 I haue some practise in the lawe,
 to parle and maynteyne plea,
 In saythe, I rather woulde myne eyes
 were drenched in the sea,
 Then any of these fylled tongues,
 Your worshyppe shoulde abuse:
 Or spende your goodes, Well go you home,
 and cease you thus to muse.

Tyre.

H. ly.

Pluck

The fifthe Satyre.

Plucke vp your hearte, leane all to me,
trye what a frend can doo.
In heate or colde, I am your owne
to ryde or els to go.
Assay the consequence hereof,
some one or other wyl,
Name thee, an heartie frendly man
a man of witte and skyll.
Thy hunger shall be great excesse,
thy wante muche wealthe at ease,
The Tunnye and the whale wyl be,
scarce presentes thee to please,
But here a caution for the least
some shoulde repley agayne,
That thou doest good to sole olde men,
as gapping after gayne.
If thou canst spy a wealthie man,
that hath a wearythe chyld,
There, shewe thy selfe officious,
muche debonaire and mylde:
And caste out talke as though thou couldest,
proue thee, his seconde sonne,
Then pley the olde man, so to save
perchaunce, when he hath done,
The chyld may dye, then, who but thou?
make entrie on thy right,
Suche loose begynnynge, oftentymes,
growe vp to force and myght.
If, that the olde man offer thee
his testament to reade,
Make, as thou couldest not, for great grefe,
put it alwaye with speede:
But take a superficiall syght,
if thou muste all possesse:
Or dyuers mo cooparteners:
them thou with crasse muste dresse.

The fifthe Satyre

By threathynge or by flatterie,
 by smothe talke gette thou all,
 As Cyprius fore allurde the dawne,
 to lette her breakefast fall.
 As Coraun with suche lyke sorte,
 deceyued Scipio.
 Why art thou mad, or mockst for nonce,
 for doomyng harde thynges for
 Laertes sonne, what so I say,
 muste be, or ells not be,
 For great Apollo hath bestowde.
 a prophetes gyfte of me.
 Unfolde this fable vnto me,
 this mysterie bewraye.
 What tyme this yong man, feare of Parthys,
 begynnes to beare a swaye,
 (Augustus Prince) by lyne extract
 from duke Aeneas race,
 When he shall beare the countenance,
 and welde the wreakefull mace,
 A noble dame to Coraun,
 shall Scipio the bolde
 Dispouse, and yet for couetyse
 her dowrie large withholde,
 Coraun shall a feoffement force,
 and eke the wrytyng seale,
 A cuttyng wrytte for Scipio,
 whiche he ne shall repeale.
 I geue thee furthermoze in charge,
 yf any dotynge syer,
 Be ruled by his mayde or man,
 thralled to theyr desyre,
 Acquainte thy selfe, forthwith with them,
 Praise them, that thee awayne,
 With gratefull praise, and lyke for lyke,
 they may agayne repaye.

Vlixes.

Tyre.

Vlixes.

Tyre

H ug

But

The fiftie Satyre.

I worldly
rule to seeke
acquaintaunce
at or better:
I safe rule
Cum æquali
æquale tibi
uis erit,

Vlix.

Tyr.
Prostitution
practised for
couetise.

But what of them? seeke euer to
the chiefest, and the beste,
Praise hym, laude hym, so shalte thou be,
in tyme a welcome guesse.
In case the carle be leacherous,
his bydding doo not byde:
Byng hym thy chaste Penelope,
to whome thou wast affyde,
Penelope, so temperate,
so continent a dame,
Whome suche a route of renellers,
coude neuer stayne with shame.
Those yowkers came not for to geue,
but hunger for to staunche,
They came for lucre, not for loue,
to paumper by the paunche.
But this (lo) were a present waie,
for her and thee to lye.
Losse made your dame, so temperate,
Her trouthe to none to geue.
I (beynge then well elderly)
at Thebes, there was a wyfe,
Who charged straghtly her assignes,
whylste she was yet in lyfe,
That they shoulde noynte, and hold her fast,
if she could wasste away,
That then their hope shoulde want his hyre,
and mis his wysshed praye.
These she we to thee, that he that woulde,
ryse by by deade mens bones,
Muste play the baude, the slaue, and loute,
and paynfull for the nones.
Beare well thy selfe, serue in suche sorte,
that naught maie be amended:
The testie, tethye, waspishe churle,
with pratlunge is offended.

Pet.

The fyfte Satyre.

Yet sūntymes that thou merelle,
 lyke *Dauus* in the play,
 Abate thy lookes, as thonghe the man
 with presence did the fray.
 Be euer duckinge downe to him:
 if all things be not warme,
 Beseech him thou, to keepe him close,
 lest he haplie cum sum harme.
 Be stille, and whistte, whilst he speaks oughte,
 stretch out thy listninge eare,
 And neuer cease to magnifye,
 whatsoeuer thou doste heare.
 In case he will be blasoned,
 sounde and resounde his prayse
 Forge and deuyle, pusse by his harte
 by any kynde of wayes.
 What time the wretche drawes to his ende,
 releasinge the of paine,
 Then will he say, gene *Vlxes*,
 a quarter of my gayne:
 Of all my substaunce of this worlde,
 which voise, then thou doste heare,
 Alas (say thou) *Dama* my frende,
 shall he no more appeare:
 O *Dama* frende, wylte thou be gone:
 how maye I haue so god,
 So trusty true and stedfastte frende:
 howle, crye as thou werte woode.
 Weepe, if thou canste, a litle crashe,
 dissemble all thy ioy,
 Uppon his tounge, an hansom cosse,
 and labour eke employ,
 That neighbours maye commende thy facte,
 and yet, a further note:
 If one of thy cooparteners gin,
 to rulle in the throte,

Take

The sixte Satyre.

Take him asyde, and salve him sayre,
and tell him if he please,
He shall by howse, an lande of you,
for vse, or for his ease.
Muche more (as thou doste lyke of this)
to the I coulde haue sayde
But, I muste to my hellishe taske
perforce my tounge is stayde.
Proserpina. our tyraunte Quene,
so vengefull, and so fell,
Dothe haile me hence, to hyde the snarte,
with smouldred soules in hell.
Ye, worldinges make suche shiftes as those,
adew, and fare you well.

MODERAT AND SPARING

*Liuinge highlye commended the Countrey muche
Preferred before the Citie: the pleasure of the
one, and the trouble of thother.*

The sixte Satyre.



This, was the thinge, I wished for,
an hansom roume of grounde,
An orcharde place, a fountayne bryghte,
with stoness emponded rounde.
Some trees, to ouer shade the same,
the goddess, this good beheste
Haue graunted me: they haue fulfild,
and betterde my requeste.
Content. Graunte this, frende Mercurie,
(for nothinge elles I craue)
Graunte this good god, for tearme of lyfe,
this lyuelod I maye haue.
If I got not my goodes by fraude,
nor poze man did oppresse,

The *sixte* Satyre.

For thorough ryot, on negligence,
 do meane to make it lesse:
 And, do not vse to wishe, so vaine,
 as foolish worldlings do.
 That yond peece of grounde, were myne:
 it mames myne orcharde so.
 That it were myne happie chaunce,
 to fynde a pot of goulde,
 To purchesse searimes, such worthy fermes:
 as now are to be fould.
 As some haue done, as he to whome,
 God hercules did brynge,
 A gubbe of goulde, who sence hath bought,
 a woozthie wealthie thinge.
 A manor, here and now dothe till
 his grounde, and cherelle singe.
 If god haue lente me anie thinge,
 I thanke him much for that.
 And praye him, for to make my sheepe,
 and cattlle verpe fatte.
 And, for to fatten all I haue,
 excepte my witte alone:
 If that be fatte, adew good lorde,
 our musles maye be gone.
 Synce I am cumde from citty now,
 into the countrye towne,
 What shall be done (my ryming muse:)
 shall I in satyres frowne:
 Not lewde ambition berethe here,
 nor washye southerne wynde:
 For frutlesse harueste, burninge tyme
 vnto the seeldes vnkynde.
 Thou father of the moorninge tyde
 god I loue, by thy name,
 In whom, men take in hande their woozkes
 and sett vppon the same.

Main wishes
 proper to foo-
 les,

V -

Janus

The sixte Satyre.

O Ianus, helpe thou on my verſe,
thou knoweſt the cruell coyle
In Citie kepte, as eke the eaſe
of quiet countrie ſoyle.
In Rome, I needes muſte ryſe bytime,
to be ſome ſuretie,
To ſpeake to him, and him for them
they ſtill do call on me.
Though whiſkinge wyndes, do ſhake the earth,
and though the ſnaw ſwithe day,
Be ſhorſte, and ſharpe, I muſte abrode
they will not let me ſtay.
If that I ſpeake not pleaſinglye,
but vprighte in my mynde,
Then ſure I am in places all,
ynough of foes to fynde.
I muſte be crowded in the throng,
and ſtate, when I woulde walke,
What ayle this ſole: how ſhoues he one
ſuche is their angrie talke.
O if we to Meccenas walke
(for that is all in all,)
That makes our greaſe vnquietneſſe
to ſeme to vs ſo ſmall.
(I make no lye) as ſone as I
draw neare the Pallace place,
An hundreth ſuiters call to me,
to ſpeake vnto his grace.
One calſ on me, at two a clocke,
to moute hall for to go.
The ſcribes pray me, for maine affayres
to haſte the moute hal fro.
If there be any grauntes drawne out,
that farrye for the ſeale,
They cry on me, vnto my lord
the thinge for to reueale.

The sixte Satyre.

A seuen, or eyght yeares, now it is,
 synce that Mecene my lorde,
 Did dub me his, and had me cun-
 aye welcom to his bozde.
 Not to debate of graunde affaires:
 in waggen, for to ryde,
 To tell, or heare sum tryfled thing,
 I placed by his syde.
 As thus, how that the day doth spende,
 in maygames, and in play
 The Tracian, or the Serian,
 whiche bare the pryse away.
 And of the season of the yeare,
 and how the morning coulde,
 Did nip the foole, in summer tyde,
 that looke to nothings woulde.
 Suche talke, as into eares of drabbes,
 safelye man mighte power.
 Through this, mine hatred, quickned firste
 and kyndled euerye hower.
 For if in case the noble duke,
 did solace hym abrode,
 (Lo) yonder (sayde they) fortunes whelpe,
 and mokde me where I rode.
 If from the preeue councell cum,
 sum mutring of the warre,
 Then, who that meetes me, questions me,
 and grætes me sayre from farre.
 Good master, (you do know those goddes
 because of neare accesse)
 Must we to warre on Dasia,
 our selues in armour dresse?
 I harde it not. Peo. By gisse, (Horace)
 you wil not leaue your mockinge:
 Then on my heade (in stiddie wyse,)
 let all the goddes be knocking,

People,

Horace.

✓ -

Hor.

Cesar,

The sixte Satyre

Peo.

Cesar, made promise he would geue
his souldiers grounde to tyll:

In Seycellie, or Italie:

Sir, what is Cesars will:

Horace.

Of swearing, that I know nothinge,
they maruaile, as at one,

Of famous taciturnitie,
and secret gyfte alone.

In cile, thus I spende my dayes,
in muche recourse of care:

When place, when shall I see,
thy groues so freshe, and sayre?

When shall I soundlye pley my booke,
and at my vacante howers

Cut from the worlde) profoundlye sleepe,
amid the fragraunte flowers?

Pithagoras, when shall thy beanes,
or colewoorte sybbe of kynde,

Refreshe, my hungry appetyte.
whylste I haue suppe or dynde:

On nightes, and suppers of the goddes,
in whiche both I and myne.

Spake cheare, at home: my tollie men
do serbe so cleane, and syne:

Of all the townishe delicates,
of what, so lyketh them beste,

Whystraungers franchelye take repaste,
with lyuelye harte, at reste.

When, that our sobre companye,
begins to warme with drinke,

Of purchasinge, or supplantinge,
we do not cottsones thinke:

In trothe, our talke it multiplyes,
but not of baude, or queane,

Or who dothe friske it beste in daunce,
no, it is chaste, and cleane.

The sixte Satyre.

Of knowledge, most behouenable
 as if in ryches be,
 Or in vertue, the cheffest good,
 (I clepde felicitie.)
 If frendship spryng of vse, or gaine,
 or do to vertue tende
 What is the good calde soneraigne,
 what is her verpe ende.
 If any praylinge hurtfull goddes,
 of ignoraunce do sayle,
 Our neyghbour Serue, hearing that,
 steppes in to tell his tale:
 Full gosseplike, the father sage,
 beginnes his fable then:
 The countrye mouse, did enterteyne;
 within her homelie den,
 The cite mouse, the olde hostesse,
 her olde acquainted frende,
 Doth welcum, loth to sparple muche:
 and yet for to vnbynde,
 The cozsey anguyshe of her gesse,
 with syghtes of daintie fare:
 Not burded pulse, nor longe stalkd otes,
 (the prodigal) doth spare.
 She serues in mouth the curnell dyse,
 the gobbets chelwde of larde,
 To please her gesse, with cheefeste meates,
 was chéefle her regarde:
 (Her gesse that tasted on eche thinge
 with toth of muche disdaine)
 The rurall mouse eate new thrushde chaffe,
 and put her selfe to paine:
 Reseruing wheate, and cockle flower,
 (two dishes of muche loy)
 Unto the fyne fed citizen,
 a straunger all to coy.

Fable toulde.

At

The sixte Satyre

At length he bespeakes, the cyttie mouse,
my frende why lyke you still,
To lyue in countrey fastynglye,
vppon a craggie hill?

How say you? can you fynde in hearte
to haunte, and set more by

The citie, then the saluage woodes?
marche on, be bouldre to trye.

„ Dur earthelie soule is ruinouse,
not possible to flye,

„ From dinte of death, by any meanes,
the longeste liude muste dye.

Wherfore good sister, whilst thou maiste,
do bayth they selfe in blisse,

Remember aye, how shadowe,
and shorthe this lyfe tyme is.

These sayings, moued the rusticall,
full lightlie leapeth she,

They both begin this gay employte,
the citie for to see.

Benighted cum they to the towne:
(for, midnichte then did hyde

The midle parte of rounde skye)
when both at equall tyde,

Did presse their foote, in pallas proude:
where scarlet bestures reade,

On Iuery beddes, did glose with gleames,
as it were glowing gleade.

Muche was the noble remainder,
or gorgeous supper palle,

Whiche was bestowed in baskets shutte,
not clasped very faste.

Therfore, this straunger (countrie mouse)
on purple quishion set,

The townishe dame (as nurturde well,)
her noble cattes doth sette.

The sixte Satyre.

A feaste, of much varpantie.
 the like a seruinge page,
 Dyd daine to go to bring, to tasste,
 in proper personage.
 The traualler, dothe lyke her chaunge,
 and quyte deuoyde of feare,
 As dedicate to feaste, and wealthe,
 both glade her selfe with cheare.
 All sodely, the clappynge doze,
 both fraye them into soze,
 Affrighted soze, a rounde they trip,
 Dismayed moze, and moze.
 Also the vasse, and ample house,
 of mastie dogges did sounde,
 The molwe, beset in soze wyse,
 both shape her answer rounde:
 Farewell. I neade not suche a lyfe:
 the harmeless wood, and cane,
 Can comforte me, with fatche, and fare,
 and so my bodye saue.

IT IS GOOD AND PROFITABLE, for the Maister somtymes to heare, the
 true, and honest instruction and aduertisment
 of his seruant. In olde tyme, seruantes might
 speake in the moneth of December, whil-
 lest Saturnes feastes were solem-
 nised, frankly and at randon.

The Poet bryngeth in
 Dauid, detectyng
 his maysters
 practises.

The seuenth Satyre.

The seventh Satyre.

Darius.



He whyles, I listned to your wordes,
and sumthinge woulde haue sayde,
But, I a seruaunte, and *Darius*,
was halfe, and moze a frayde.
Darius, a true, and trustie page,
so much as sence will gene,
A frende sir, so farre vnto you,
as I my selfe may lyue.

Simon.

Becawse our auncitours so woulde,
the freedom of decembre
Enioy speake out, all things amiste,
that, thou doste nowe remembre.

Darius.

Some men do stifflye sticke to voyce,
and still pursue theire praye,
Sum, to, and fro, now well now woozle,
and kepe no common stay.
Lyke *Priscus*, chaunginge of his ringes,
who such attyre had boughte,
And chaungde his suites, so ofte a day,
him selfe hath chaungde to noughte.
His house, and lande, to morgage layde,
yea, neede dothe him compell,
In simple cotage to abyde,
where scarce a slaue woulde dwell.
At *Athins*, verye studente lyke,
at *Rome*, a lustie lad,
I maruaile, what vnistable starres
what byzthlygnes, once he had.
Volauery, sticke to, one trade,
for go wte, he can not ryle,
And therefore nowe he fees a man,
to caste for him the dyse.
Such constaunte folke, be better, then
those chaunglings in and oute,
Who plunge in euerye follye which
theire heades can bynge aboute.

wille

The seventh Satyre.

Wilt thou not say, thou strecthe hempe, thou
 whome thou meanes in thy pratyng?
 I meane euen the St. How so sir knaue?
 Da. For, thou wilt still be tatling.
 In praylinge, state of sozayn tymes,
 but, if that thou mightste chuse,
 And god would place the in those worlde,
 no doubt, thou wouldste refuse.
 O thou in hearte didste neuer thinke,
 whiche thou in worde hast sayde,
 O thou not skoutlie cleauiste to
 the truth as halfe vnstapde.
 Scarce fullie yet resolude, to plucke,
 thy soote out of the myer.
 At Rome thou loues to be abzode,
 abzode thou doste desyre
 To cum to Rome, and doste extoll,
 that lyfe aboue the skye.
 If thou beeste no mans goste abzode,
 then doste thou magnifye,
 The priuate cleare, as thoughe thou wouldste,
 be bounde to lyue so still:
 And thinckes it well, that thou ne goste,
 to tipples, and to swill.
 But if sum bid the cum indede,
 thou lins, not then to crie,
 Oyle, water, haste my seruants haste,
 awaye, thou doste the hys.
 Full manie sillie seruifers,
 that wayte with emptie paunche,
 Say to them selues, when will this churle,
 his glutton stomake stauncher
 I am a smelcaste bellygod,
 idle and full of slouth
 A greedie gut, and at a worde,
 a seruante to my tothe.

Simo.

Dauis.

J. J.

Since

The seventh Satyre.

Synce thou arte euen as yll, as I,
and worse to, in thyne harte,
Howe durst thou fyrst begynne with me,
as though thou better wart?

Thou canste disguise thy synne with woordes,
thy wyckednesse vnfoulde,

Thou arte more foole, then I, which earste,
for fyrtye grotes was sould.

The satyre altered. Explaine thy browes, restraine thy handes,
alay thyne anger fell,

What Crispins porter, toulde of the
I will make bould to tell.

(Quod he) *Darius*, that sillie foole,
hathe not his masters caste,

His harte, is euer in his tounge,
for if the facte be paste:

He takes no soulder reste, whileste he,
hath chatterde oute the thinge,

Then dothe the swyne, that hathe her grogne
new wounded with a ringe,

In open d y, in open streets,
he praunces, and he prates.

He makes the yonkers, all a fote,
to breake the brothells gates.

His acts, are cuer euydente,
and therefore, ryse in talke,

Because, he doth not make pretence,
nor vnder coler walke.

His master, goes in sage attyre:
that geues a sober shue.

His master, solempne in his wordes:
that makes him seme so true.

Darius in sighte of all the worlde,
dothe as I sayd before.

Simo, dothe all that ppyllpe
much willinge, to do more.

The seventh Satyre.

Simo is ryche and rubbes it out:
 for goulde hath this by kynde,
To louse or tye the tongues of men,
 and to contente their mynde,
Simo maye be a goose, a sheepe,
 a noddie, and a daw,
 And haue not giftes, or qualitties,
 to counterpeyse a straw:
Yet Parasytes, will tearme him good,
 and wyse, at all assaies.
I wyse, redde goulde, can make a doulte,
 a paragon of prayse.
If **Daus** do but talke amisse,
 a cockescombe, or a bell,
Such badges, mighte beseme oft tyme,
 the masters very well.
The royster weares not alwaye plumes,
 nor yet the deuill a fayne,
If euery soles did were a bell,
 there would be tollye sayle.
Simo can laye to vsurie,
 and yet by plea of sleighte,
He will perswade the thynge to be,
 a sinne of little weighte.
So drunkenness, is felowship,
 surfe, is manhood bouldie,
Fondness, is franchness, and scarrehead,
 for thristynesse, is houldie.
In tyme, no cryme, no vyce, no sinne
 in **Simo**, muste be knowne:
No faulte in **Daus**, but forthwith
 with trumpet, it is blowne.
Pea, **Simo** can cloke lecherie,
 or clepe it, by such name
That now, it seemes, a neyghborhood,
 a thynge of little blame.

The seventh Satyre.

Sirno.

He slandered me, (Darius my man,

I am no leacher, I.

Darius.

For I a theefe, though, I woulde steale,

and yet for feare passe by

A peece of plate, but this I say,

take punishmente awayne:

**Passers the
more dissolute
for defaulte of
correction.**

Nature woulde breake her byble straighte,

vnrule without scape.

Canste thou, be calde my gouvernoure,

which arte to byces thrall,

To fancies, pleasures, wrathe, and teene

sythens, I shun them all:

If all the customes of our courte,

woulde franchyse thee in libertie,

Thy feare of gooddes, wold make the slave,

and keepe the still in villanie.

Also, an other argumente:

if, that your customes all,

A seruantes man, a substitute,

or fellowe seruaunte call,

What am I, respecte of you?

for thou haste rule on me,

A wretche, a subiecte, to thy luste,

as anye wretche can be.

My master, to a fencelasse blocke,

thats moued, by others mighte,

Passe by with pleasures plangie pusses,

may be resembled ryghte.

Sirno.

Who then is free? Da. The wyle, that can

his owne affections stay.

Whom, neyther, neede nor death, nor gres

of manlye gyues can fraye.

Who, can be lorde vppon his lustes,

and hatoghtie roumes dyspyle,

Stronge, and sufficiente, in him selfe,

in full and perfytte wyle.

Da.

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The seventh Satyre.

For passe bypon externall thinges,
 commoditie, or gaine:
 On whom fortune, his heuie frende,
 both make assaulte in vayne,
 Canste, thou not note, by these fewe thinges
 who maye be corrupted free?
 Admit, an harlotte, pickde thy purse,
 and much abused the,
 And calls the to her house againe:
 from pocke, and scruple snare,
 If thou beeste free, ridde then thy selfe,
 thou canste not quenche thy care:
 In dede, a tyrante forces the,
 and broaddes the forwarde still,
 Doth twyne thy chappes and picke the forth
 full sore againste thy will.
 When, thou doste gale, on womans shape,
 by Dauides hand portrayde:
 And I of other painters, workes,
 my stedfastte lookes haue layde:
 (To marke the rankes, the warlyke troupes
 in letter lymmed playne:
 And, howe they stryke, and how they warde,
 and how they take their bayne:)
 Thou altogether womannishe,
 her portrature doste vewe:
 Who sinneth more, or thou, or I:
 speake sooth, say me trewe.
 Dauid, is counted slacke, and slowe,
 if he do them suruey:
 Simo, doth loue antiquities,
 and iudgeth well they say.
 They counte me naughte, if that I doe,
 but make a little cheare:
 It is a vertue thoughte in the
 to banket all the yeare.

Pyrrhus a
tyrante.

Dauid a con-
paynter.

Dynne in see
drawing esse-
minate pictu-
res.

The ſeuenth Satyre.

Why, is the pampyringe of the paunche,
 ſo hurtefull vnto me?
 Becauſe, my backe dothe beare the blowes,
 if oughte diſpleaſeth the.
 How, doſte not thou deſerue the whip
 that coſtly cates doſte bye,
 And eates, and drinks, and reuells ſtill
 without all modeſtie?

One com-
 mon-
 dicke of glo-
 rie.

Dainties, becom no daintie thinges,
 where, there is naughte, but cheare,
 Thy ſtackeringe ſtumpes, thy corſey corpes
 at lengthe will hardlie beare:

The ſeruante, if he ſteale but grapes,
 is ſtreighte attachde of felonie:

My maſter, ſells his landes for meate
 doth he not ſinne in gluttonie?

A gaine thou arte not with thy ſelfe,
 thou neuer arte at leaſure,

Thou canſte not reſte, nor take a pauſe,
 nor muſe at thinges of pleaſure.

Thou ſhunſte, to reaſon with thy ſoule,
 her counſaile thou doſte hate,

Per conſequens, thou ſhunneſt thy ſelfe
 (full lyke a runnagate.)

I herpe ha:d
 thing to heare
 our faultes
 without coler

Darius.

Simo.

Darius.

Simo.

Thou thinkeſt by ſleepe, and bibbinge wyne
 to baniſhe out all woes

Ah ſirre, where myghte I get a ſtaffe?
 wherefore? Simo: oz ells a ſtone?

My maſter maddes, oz maketh rymes,
 he muſeth ſo alone.

Excepte thou wilt be trudging hence,
 and make no more delayes,

Thou ſhalte goe to my manour place,
 to woozke this nyne longe dayes.

Against

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The eight Satyre.

Against the Epicures vsages, that to kepe a riotous route of serupng men, is no true hospita-
litie. Agaynst excesse in bely chere. Horace talketh with
Fundanus.

The eyght Satyre.



Howe doo you lyke the Epicures
repaste, so ryche, and gay?
This other daye, I lent for you,
and then I dyd heare say,
You dynd abrode. Fund. In faith, my friend
it lyked me so muche,
That ere this tyme, I doo beleue,

Horace.

there neuer was one suche.
If, that it be not tedious,
noz doo not you displease,

Horace.

What meate was fyrst, your angere made,
that gan for to appeale?

Fyrst, had we brauue from Lucanie
the Father of the feast,

Fundanus.

Sayde, he was slayne, when southerne wynde
his blusteryng blastes releaste.

Rapes, radishe, lettice, Shertwicke rootes,
brothes farte in taste, and quicke

Came next, to make our stomake slowe,
more vrgently to prycke.

Fayze trenchers then was calde for straight,
the purple carpett dreste

Eche man desyres to sytte nere hym,
that tauntyngly can tesse:

Xipauldes and cockescombes are in dede,
a sauce vnto our feast.

Fooles haue with vs a prussledge
to tell who, what, and when,

Fooles speake ofte tymes, the very thoughtes
of wyse and wittie men.

There

The eight Satyre.

There was the costly cullices,
the Turbut, and the Pyke,
The Porpoe and the Porpentyne,
with many suche the lyke.
Pygge, partridge, peacocke, sparrowe, whale,
so many of a rowe,
That scarce the eater leaueth roome,
to setche his wynde, or blotwe.
All thynges, so formally brought in,
so solemnely assayde,
As though on alters to the Goddes,
the bankette had bene made.
What drinke you maisters (quod our hoste?)
Wascopne, or Kenneshe wyne?
We haue of all sortes in this howse,
bothe lately brochde, and fyne.
Then, when that wyne had wonne the field,
and maisterde all our guesse,
Lorde, what it was a ioye to see,
howe some it downe dothe presse:
Lyke as the thyng that heapy is,
of Nature so is made,
(Excepte the same by violence
forholden be, and stayde)
To fall to ground: lyke as the oke,
of substance styffe and stoute,
Cums downe, when he with dyntyg are
is helwed rounde aboute:
So doo our hoglynges synke soorthewith,
(theyr heade a Bacchus barge)
Wyne, is I tell you burdeynous,
and passyng full of charge.
Some synge of loue, and louers fittes,
and howe Cupides dart
Dyd smyte hym gentyll soule amysse,
so beautifull an harte.

Some

The eight Satyre.

Some mourne and blame their soyle fate,
 why Fortune shoulde be such,
 That they suche blouddes, shoulde nothyng haue,
 and others ouermuche.
 Some chydde, some chatte, some raue, some reele,
 and some can take the payne,
 Of curtesye to geue myne hoste,
 his supper by agayne.
 Some wyll vnsould bygge mysteries,
 and frame his matter so,
 As though he had aboute the reffe,
 gotte Phebus by the toe.
 Some, wyll lament the state of tymes,
 and howe that all is nought,
 Howe thynges be rysen in theyr price,
 and howe they haue ben bought.
 Some sweare, that they haue lyued yll,
 and howe to morowe daye,
 They will accorde with all the worlde,
 and gynne an other playe.
 Howe Vertue is a peretelle dame,
 howe selve doo her imbrace:
 This will they preache in gestyrng wyse,
 as though in publike place.
 The thyng were done (so Horace sa)
 our suppers and our cheare:
 We spare no coste, we may not aske
 if it be cheape or deare.
 We keepe a troupe of scrupinge men,
 a crewe of lusty brutes,
 And these for our great honours sake,
 muste cutte it in theyr lutes.
 These be our handye instrumentes,
 to woozchen all our will,
 Not scrupulous for to inquire
 yf it be good or yll.

The eight Satyre.

Horace.

So many, so officious,
that not one heare may lye
Amisse on us, but he or he,
will spee it by and by.
We laugh at those, when they are drunke,
those make a spozte alone;
To scoffe at straungers, when as they
with drinke are ouergone.
So, so, no more Cupide can not
from hyue of honney lycke,
But one or other bee, for the with,
will sting hym with her prycke.
The world, the hyue, the combes, the welth
whiche who so dothe assaye,
Pleasure in face, payson in taylor,
Lyke Scorpion they wyll paye.
The stynge, that prycke, be chokynge cares
These hony tasters haue;
Whilst they are tolde within them selues,
to seeke, or howe to saue.
Wealthe is a thyng moste venomous,
and fewe or none we fynde,
But pleasure hath lyke Ceres cuppes
yturnde them from their kynde.
Why shoulde the wylde esteeme so muche,
a rowte of waytyng men?
Who, in theyr age moste commonly,
what are they? beggers then.
Brought vp so lewde, contynue lewde
retchelesse, and ydell swaynes;
Not knowyng arte, or handycrafte,
nor able to take paynes.
To kepe them braue, doo the even as muche,
thyne honour true vpholde,
As yf thou shouldest make the a taylor,
and gyld the same with golde.

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The eight Satyre.

As hospitalitie in those,
in feedyng any such?
In keepyng stronge and heddy drynkes,
in beluyng ouermuche?
Lyke sponges neuer satisfied,
and lyke Willies foes,
From meate to bed, from bed to meate,
and so their circle goes.
Deuissers of all wantonnesse,
what should I tell you more?
Good, to increase and multiplie,
their lordes or maysters skore.
I do suppose, that yf mens wealthes,
shoulde answer to theyr wylls,
That nyght and daye woulde scarce suffice,
to reuell out theyr fylles.
Eche man is counted of mosse pryce,
and mete to be a lord,
As he with dyshes can depaynt,
and ouercharge a boorde.
No talke howe wyse, howe vertuous,
or to take paynes howe able,
But yf he kepe great skore of drynke,
or honourable table.
Therfore some people parasites,
that they may seeme to passe,
Wyll spende out maluesey, muscadell,
and sumyshe hypocrasse.
And make their cookes looshiously,
theyr delicates to dresse
Their very meates in insensue,
broughte in, in such excessse:
That I doo lothe them more in mynde,
as thynges more full of harme,
Then, if that witche, that Canadie,
had curde them with her charme.

FINIS.

HIERONYMVS AD NE-

potianum.

Non ut aduersariis, sed ut amicis scripsi-
mus. Nec tam inuerti sumus in eos qui pec-
cant: sed ne peccent monuimus. Neq. in illos
tantum: sed in nosmetipsos seueri iudices fui-
mus. Generalis de vitis disputatio est. Qui
mibi irasci voluerit, prius ipse de se, quod talis
sit, confitebitur.

Virtus, est vitium fugere.

The wailynge

of Hieremie, done into En-
glishe Verse.

The argument tendyng moſte to the ruine of the
cittie, as it was deſtroyed by Veſpatian and Titus
Romaynes, and theyr ſouldiours.



Jerusalem, is iuſtly plagued,
and leſte diſconſolate,
The dame of towne the prince of realm;
deueſted from her ſtate,
The ſheene and gloſyng paragone,
that blaſed as the ſonne,
With wreakefull hande of iuſte Iehoue,
for ſynne is quite vndone.

Synne, ſynne, byturneth towne and tower,
though it be ſtrong and hye,
Great Babel fell with hauntie toppe,
that menaced the ſkye:
Jerusalem tormented ſore,
and bruiſed in her walles,
Remedyleſſe is ruinous,
and therfore downe ſhe faller.
And holdyng by her broyled lymmes,
and gaſtfull ſcorched face,
Woulde now ſayne flee to God for healpe,
and call vppon his grace,
Good Hieremie with ſobbes and ſygges,
that all the Cittie heares,
Dothe waile and wyle, the ruthfull caſe,
his penne full freight with teares.

To the Reader.

WHAT should I informe thee of frendly Reader,
or wherof myght not I inform thee? Thou maist
reade a prophane writer, if thee lytse, and yf he be
prophane, thou mayst chuse thee: towarde the di-
uine writer, there is no dispence or franchise, but if he be di-
uine, thou oughtest to reade hym, neither canst thou chuse
thee. I geue thee here an holy kynde of sadnesse, an eracte
myrrour of a contrite soule, the heauy procedynges of iust
God, against his vniust creatures. The Hebrue prophetes
write an vnfallible trouth: the Greke and Latine Poetes
write forgeries & leasynge. The Prophetes necessary to be
vnderstanded, & the other, because of those not clerely to be
neglected. That thou mightest haue this rusul parcel of scri-
pture, pure & sincere, not swarued or altered: I laid it to the
touchestone, the natiue tongue. I waied it with the *Chaldie*
Targum, & the *Septuaginta*. I desired to iumpe so nigh with the
Hebrue, yf it doth ere while defoyme the bayn of the englysh:
the proprieties of that language, & ours, being in some spe-
ches so muche dissemblable. There is one God, but one: out
of whose bzeast doth procede the spirite & worde of efficacie
& effect. Thus muche I say, because thou sholdest not attri-
bute the sharpe showers of calamities, sent downe for syn,
vpon Ierusalem (wherin God would haue betraied the pre-
rogatiue of his maiestie and power, to the aukward aspects
of planets, and infortunate constellations, nor to the vni-
steady and muche accused whele of chaungeable Fortune.
His hande, that hath destroyed the greater, can easily con-
found the lesse. And he that woulde not take compassion of
greate cities, plentifully peopled, because of theyr trans-
gression, will in suche case hardly beare with priuate men.
I thought it my parte to sette it open to thyne eyes, and I
suppose it behouable to thee, or at lest, it shall not hurt thee,
to laye it to thy heart. Fare well.

149
of Hieremie.

The fyrste Chapter.



Howe sytt the Citty desolate,
so populous a place?
The ladye of so many landes,
Becumde in wydowes case.
The Princes of the prouinces,
her tribute nowe muste paye,
Full sore wepte she, full sore wepte she,
all nyght her longe decaye.
Alongst her cheekes, the surrowyng teares,
from watrishe eyes dyd rayne:
Of all her louers, nowe not one,
to comferte her in payne,
Her frendes thynke muche to visite her,
her frendes are turnde to foes,
Ichoudah, captiue ledde away
a captiue for the woes.
And slauerie she brought men to)
she takes no kynde of reste:
Amongste pagans, where she makes her bode,
with foes she is oppreste.
The stretes of Syon mourne and wayle,
Because there nowe is none,
That cums and goes to see their feast,
as heretofore haue gone.
The gates deuorpe of folke, the priestes
doo sygh in sorowes keene,
The damselfs dzent, in moyste of teares,
the dame her selfe in teene.
Her enemies rule, and who but they?
in wealthe surcreasynge faste,
The Lorde hath shente her greuouslye,
for heapes of lewdnes paste.
They? younge, wente captinate befoze,
her muche dysdaynfull foe,

Ichoudah the
tribe of Juda

Oppreste of
taken,

B. j.

From

The waylynges

From chyldre of Iſyon, all her grace,
and noble hue dydde goe.
The Potentates lyke ſtrayinge rambes,
not ſyndyng where to feede,
Without all courage, went with thoſe,
that dyd them dyvne or leede.
Hieruſalem bethought her ſelfe,
vpon the diſmall daye:
Of ſcourge, and of her rebell heart;
of all delytefull gay
Thynges, whiche ſhe had in alder age,
what tyme her folkes ſo coy,
Fell into ſorthe hande, and none,
woulde ſuccour their annoy.
Her enemies hauyng thoroughly ſeene,
and noted her at will.
Dyd ſcorne her ſacred ſabboth day,
and gyggle out theyr ſyll.
Jeruſalem, outragingly
was dedicate to byce.
Therefore is ſhe a mockyng ſtocke,
all thoſe in aſull guyle,
That honourde her, and dyd to her,
theyr homage heretofore,
Doo clepe her, as a ſolthy drabbe,
and ſette by her no more.
What ſhoulde ſhe doo: ſhe gaue a ſighe,
and lookde aſkaunce awyſe,
Polluted ſoule wichin her ſkirtes,
Her ende ſhe woulde not eye:
And therfore luſhed downe at once.
All comfortleſſe was ſhe:
Kne D lord, rue vppon my panges,
the foe is proude at me.
The foe hath ſtretched forth his arme
at all her thynges of pleaſure.

Little.

She

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of Hieremie.

She saue, the saue the prophane route,
rushe in, without all measure:
Vnto thy sacred holy house,
that route, whiche thou (O Lorde)
Forboddste, that they, ne shoulde come in,
the mansion of thy worde.
Her numbrous folke (a syghyng flocke)
and seekyng after foode,
Dyd geue for meate, what so they had,
thynges precious or good.
To cheryshe they? so needie sowles.
Marke Lorde, and weye on this,
Howe vile I am, howe beggerly,
My captife plight it is.
O all wayfaryng passengers,
for Gods loue, looke and see,
If euer grieve were lyke my grefe:
for he hath scourged me.
The Lorde (I say) hath spoke the worde,
in daye of furpe sell
From hye, he slonge the fyre adowne,
my mortall bones to quell.
It tamed me: Befoze my feete,
a trappynge nette he layde,
And turnde me backe, to captiue yoke,
He, he, (alacke) hath made
Me desolate: in gulfes of grefes,
all day longe dydde I wade.
My heynous synnes, my swarming crimes,
to Gods dyre hande are tyde,
And thence amayne vypon my necke,
from tyme to tyme dyd glyde.
Empired I: The Lorde hath put
me in suche straynyng clawes,
That neuer shall I worinche me from,
the pressyng of their pawes.

The waylynges

My woorthies, and my ballantes,
 he trode them vnder feete,
 Within my selfe, agaynst my selfe,
 he made assemblies meete,
 To slay my youthe, was neuer yet,
 Mynepresse bestamped so,
 On one virgin Jehoudahs chylde,
 the Lorde hath stamped (lo.)
 Therefore wepe I, and from myne eye,
 as from a water spoute,
 A flowyng streame, of gushyng teares,
 effsoones doothe issue out.
 My comforter, he kepte aloofe,
 that shoulde my soule relieue,
 My broode berefte of hope, and those
 preuaylde, that dyd me greue:
 Ofte proferde Elsyn, soothly her hande,
 but none woulde heale her tho.
 Great Jacobs rase, the Lorde had plasde:
 amydd her enemies so.
 Jerusalem, mydst all her foes,
 is lyke a drabbishe queane,
 Foule steynd with fylth of mouthly floures:
 a strompet muche vncleane.
 The Lorde is iuste, dysloyall I,
 haue forsoke hym vnto ire,
 Hearken O worlde, hearken all worlde,
 once harke at my desyre.
 And biewe and biewe my thyrlyng throlwes:
 what plunges me assaye:
 My virgins, and my yonge men eke,
 are captiues gone away.
 I calde my louers, one by one,
 but they begyled me.
 My priestes and elders in the towne,
 throughe fampyne peryshde be.

Josias their
 synge.

of Hieremie.

For foode to theyr forfainted soules,
 longe soughte they farre and neare,
 See Lorde, and see, because that I
 am troubled in eche where:
 Myne intrayles swollne: my hearte yturnde
 (suche is my strugglyng paine,)
 The swoorde deuoures abroad: our home
 a slaughter house of bayne.
 Full well knewe they, howe sadde I was,
 but none woulde solace me,
 My foes pursuode my harmes, and Ioyde,
 to see them sente from the.
 But as for sinne, thou broughtste on me,
 a wreakefull vengauce day:
 Deale iustlye (Lorde): and as to me,
 to them their guardon paye,
 Surueye their mischeefes all in mynde,
 and deale with them as sore,
 As thou haste dealte with me poore wretche,
 for trespasse here tofore.
 They made the surgyes of my sighes,
 to multiplie eche daye,
 They made my heart a well of woes,
 wearyng it selfe alway.

The seconde Chapter.

Howe hath the Lord in furie fell,
 beduskde his daughter dere,
 Upon his chyldre of Israell,
 The glorye bryght and cleare
 From heauen, to earthe translated lyes:
 and in his vengefull day,
 To batter downe his owne footstole,
 the *frefull would not stay.
 He flung it headlonge, neyther sparde,
 Jacobs sayre blaspyng bowers.

*GOD

The waylynges

So, shoke he downe, of Judas chyldes,
her fortresses and towers.
Throughe glowyng furies, to the soyle:
the kyngdome he prophainde,
And wreake for state, the royall wyghtes,
that ouer it had raignde.
What so was in all Israell,
of passynge price and grace,
He made it quite, turnyng his hande
backe, from the enemies face,
He kyndled vp in Jacobs sonns,
a wastefull flashe of fyre,
Which consumde all thynges rounde about,
as it were in a gyze.
He bent his bowe in forthe guyse,
and farther, lyke a foe,
He stretchde his arme, what so was sayre,
or of muche beantie (lo)
In tabernacle of Tsyon,
he dyd it all deuoure,
And flockmeale lyke to many flames,
his wrathes he dyd out powre.
The Lorde hymselfe was now a foe,
he slonge great Jacob downe,
Flung strong wals down, huge rampires down,
and bulwarkes of the towne.
Fylde Syon full of heartie grieve,
appallynge all her ioye:
His tente, as it a gardeyne were,
tramplynge he dyd destroye.
He stroyde his folke, he rasde theyr feastes,
and sabbothes out of mynde
In Tsyon: To their kynges and priestes,
throughe Ire he is unkynde.
The Lorde hath lefte his altar, and
hath curse, whiche ones he blesse,

of Hieremie.

He gaue vnto the enemies handes,
 suche houldes as were the beste.
 The prophane flocke, within Gods house,
 in mockerye dyd crye,
 As in theyr sacred Sabbath, once,
 thelecte dydde syng on hye.
 Resolute was he, to thwacke downe walles,
 to euen theim with the floze,
 And not to turne his hande from waste,
 theyr rampyre mournde therfore:
 The battred wall, prostrate dyd fall,
 flatte leuelde to the grounde,
 The earthe supre vp the gorgeous gates:
 their yron barres so sounde,
 He knapte in twayne: mongste Heathens are
 her kynges, and puissant peares:
 The lawe is not: the Prophetes nowe,
 from Goddes mouthe nothyng heares.
 Sayre Wyons elders, in the lande
 sytte downe in silence deepe.
 Theyr heade prubde with ashes pale,
 theyr corps styll dydde they kepe
 In sackeclothe wrapte. Hierusalem,
 thy virgins freshe and fayre
 Doo hange theyr heades with poutynge lookes,
 (as caste away with care.)
 My streamyng eyes, dissolue to naught,
 my belchyng bowels rumble,
 My lyuer pyckte vp, through great force,
 tremblyng on grounde dyd tumble.
 Suche was my pittie towarde myne,
 because my babes dyd saynt,
 And sucklynges fawmed in the streetes,
 through pyne dyd them attaynt.
 Ofte cryed they to theyr mothers sadde,
 where is theyr wyne oz breade?

The waylynges

Lyke wounded wightes throughout the streetes,
they sounded in eche stede:

Unbodynge theyz scly soules,
vppon theyz mothers lappes.

What should I name: to what should I
resemble thy myshappes:

O daughter of Hierusalem:

what myght I beste compare,

To thee, O myne, O Tysons chylde,
to mitigate thy care:

Lyke droppes, in houghe tomblyng waues
thy flockynge troubles greue the.

Ai me, myne owne good gyde,

(dere God) who shall releue thee?

False prophetes blearde thyn eyes with lies
who woulde not playnly tell,

Thy synnes to thee, to penitence,
that they myght thee compell.

They scanned theyz lewde prophecies,
and reasons false woulde gene,

Why, thou shouldest draw in captiue yoke
and longe in bondage lyue.

At the (chylde of Hierusalem)
all those that passed by,

Dyd clap theyz handes, and nod their heades
and tauntyngly say: Why?

Is this the towne so perfecte buylt,
the Paragon of hewe,

The ioye of all the worlde so wyde,
that gaue the gladsome shewe?

Gaynst the all foes dyd ope theyz mouthes,
with vyle reproches fraight,

And bylde, and gnashde, and cryed marche on,

Lette vs deuoure her straight.

This is the daye, the wyshed daye,
we haue her found and sene:

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of Hieremie.

The lord hath done, what in his minde
of longe tyme erste hath bene.
Fulfilde hath he, his greate behests,
forspoken long before,
Vanoke made he in all excesse,
of nothinge made he store.
He stirde thy foes, to laughe at the,
and thy yll willers all,
By his sole meanes, did mounte aloft,
as thou from hys didste fall.
Theire hartes abrayded to the lord:
O wall of Syon towne,
Forthe of the fludgates of thyne eyes,
let fluddes of teares run downe.
Unceassantlye. do way all reste,
the apple of thyne eye
Applye it still, with moister still,
take heede, it neuer dwe.
Arise, praise him in silente nighte,
praise him in earlye day,
Power oute thyne harte, to him as thou.
wouldste water power awaye.
Lifte by thyne handes, to god, that sittes,
in empyre, and in seate,
That he maye helpe thy babee for saynte,
with pyne in euerye streate.
See, o lord, see, consyder well,
with home thou hast delte: O,
And shall the mothers eat their yonge
why lord, and shall they so:
Shall they thus grinde with teeth the fleshe,
that from their fleshe did ryse,
(Their childezen scale a full span longe?)
the preisttes, and prophetes wyse,
Be murdered (yea) in thyne owne house
alas, and shall they dye?

Both

The waylynges

Both yonge and olde, throught all the strates,
Vpon the cold grounde lye.

My virgins and my youthfull Brutes,
are fallen with stroke of sword.

Thou haste them kilde, and spare not one,
in day of mowde worde.

Thou calste as in a solemne day,
my terrors rounde about,

And in that day such was thy ire,
not one on lyue got oute

Those that by me were choppelye fed,
and tenderlye vp broughte,

Are all consume: (woes me) consume,
and vanishe all to naughte.

The thirde Chap.

I Am that wighte, that abiecte wighte,
whiche mine owne neade haue seene,

Whilste that, the massie rod of God,
vpon my backe hath bene.

He toke me and conducted me,
to darknes, not to lighte,

Turnde gainste my quite, all daye his hāde,
he turnde againste me righte.

He filde my skin, and fleshe with selde,
and brusde my bones in small,

He buylte in gyze and compasse me,
with trauaile and with gall.

Bestowinge me in darkesuin shades,
(as one forlorne for aye)

Inuironing me rounde about,
lest I shoulde scape awaye.

And pressinge downe with pondrouse gyues,
my fete whiche els mighte flye,

He will not heare me when to him,
besechinglye I crye.

He hath forstoppe my pathes with stone,
and crokde my wayes a syde,

of Hieremie:

He was a rampinge beare in watte,
 a Lyon dyre, vnspyde,
 My waies he staied and nie dismaide,
 of hope he made me bare,
 He bente his bow, and for his shaftes,
 a marke he set me fare.
 He caulde his quyuer arrowes keene,
 my raynes for to assay,
 I was a mocke to all my folke,
 their sonnett all the daye.
 Wormewood my drinke he ballasde me,
 with balefull bitternes,
 He brake my teethe, and ashes gaue,
 to feede me in distresse.
 All reste disharbourd from my soule,
 my wealthe, slipte out of minde,
 My strengthe is gone in god (quod I)
 no further hope I fynde.
 I beare in mynde the sterlinge panges,
 the wormewood, and the gall,
 Freshe, freshe, ingraued in my soule,
 my courage downe doth fall.
 Pathlesse, this vnderpropte my soule
 that truste coulde neuer qualle,
 Goddes grace makes vs not to reuelte,
 his mercy cannot faile.
 A wonder worker is our God,
 beleue in him; will I
 God is my part, (so sayde my soule)
 I looke for him from hys.
 The lord is good to those in him,
 that put esporaunce woulde,
 God to that soule, that seekes for him,
 as for an anchor houlde.
 Its good to truste vppon the lord,
 his sauynge health tabyde.

Meaninge of
 Christ.

The wayhnges

Erradng good for all, whiche from
his preceptes doe not syde.
He that was proude and bare him hys,
muste lye in hushte alone,
And humble him vnto the duste
(If all hope be not gone.)
And lende his cheeke vnto the stroke,
nor recke at wordes of spite,
This man the lord will not forsake,
he will not leaue him quite.
Though smartingly he visit him,
and bitterlie him beate,
Yet, can he not but rue on him,
suche is his mercie greate.
For, man because he will not stoupe,
nor bannishe pryde from harte,
Therefore such men God tryes and makes,
them feele such netlinge smarte.
He treadeth vnderneath his fete,
the captiues of all landes,
Who so doth iniurie the poore,
before the lord he standes,
Wronge iudgement and iniustice all
*the lord he vnderstandes.
Who now can say but all thinges cum,
by goddes mere prouidence?
* Fro his sole mouth, things swete or sharpe
do they not flowe from thence?
Why is man loth for lawlesse lyfe,
by law to suffer paine,
Let vs insearche and trye our selues,
and turne to God againe.
Let vs arreare our handes and hearts
to God on hys alone,
Declynde haue we, rebelde haue we,
therefore thou spareste none.

* Understa-
des after the
Caldie targū
* Prosperi-
tie or aduer-
sitye.

Thou

of Hieremie.

Thou hast overwhelmed vs in thy wrath,
and bet vs to tow soze,
Slaine, and dispatche, dispatched all,
with none lordes haste thou boze.
Thou haste inwrapte the, so in cloude,
our prayers can not perse,
We are like roges, and runagates
amid the pagans feare.
Our enemies gainste vs in despite,
did ope their gappinge chappes,
Our feare, and eke our snare is cunne,
depe daunger, and mishappes.
Myne eye, doth sende out goulfes of teares,
to mourne my folke oppresse,
Myne eye, lyke stillitorie runs,
and weepes, and knowes no reste,
Myne eye doth melte mine hearte, for all
my daughters of the Citie,
Whilste that the lord throw down his lokes,
and from aboue take pittie.
My foes pursude me as a birde,
Yet iuste cause had they none,
They thruste me downe, in dungen darke,
and stopte it with a stone.
The water surgles wet my heade,
I am forlorne (quod I)
Therefore lord from mine erksom den,
vppon the did I crye.
Thou hardste my voyce, shitt not thine eare,
but heare my dryzie plainte,
Thou stoodste nye me when I did crye
and badste me not to faine.
Thou wast the proctor of my soule,
and didste my lyfe restore,
(O Lord) thou didste perceaue my wronge,
adudge my cause therfore.

Thou

The waylynges

Thou seest gainste me, their furle all,
 their damnable intente,
 Thou hardste their wordes of villante,
 their thoughtes how they were bente,
 Their bablynge lippes, that rose at me
 their corner muttrings see,
 At downe sittynge, and byssynge
 they make a songe of me,
 Accordinge to their dealynge lordes,
 rewarde to them disburse,
 Geue them for agonie of soule,
 thy greenouse shendfull curse.
 Pursue, pursue them in thy mode,
 confounde them by and by.
 Where so (O lord) they make abode,
 vnder the shrowdinge skye,

The forth Chap.

How is the gould bedimmed so:
 the gold mooste pure and fyne
 Is chaungde. The stoncs and glittering perles,
 of holy house deuine,
 Flokke meale, to corners of eche strate,
 are scatered, and roulder:
 The peares, and nobles of Tison,
 compared well to goulde,
 How are they now adunilate,
 accoumpted in the lande,
 Lyke earthen, vessels workemanship,
 of potters mortall hande:
 The dragons, (beastes of famouse feare)
 and dreedefull, with their tonge,
 With proper brestes, (as kynde hath taughte)
 do nurse they: cressye yonges
 But mine, the daughters of my folke,
 (wightes cruell, and unkynde)

Lyke

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of Hieremie.

Lyke Ostriches in desertes flye,
 and leue their fruite behinde.
 My sucklings tounge, cleaue to their rouse,
 they were so clammie dyer:
 They calde for breade but none was broughte,
 therfore in vaine mighte crye.
 Those whiche had fed so sumptuous,
 did pynne in strates for meate
 Babes wyapte in scarlet mantles once,
 their ordure glad did eate.
 My peoples crymes so manifolde,
 were more innozmous byle.
 Then Sodom sinne, Sodom, that sancte
 in such a sodein whyle.
 No enmie ought his tente at it,
 it felte no mortall blow;
 My strait lynes whyter then milke,
 whyter, then dyuen snow,
 And rosall ruddish reade within
 clare rede as precious stones,
 And pollishde lyke the Saphyre gay,
 cleane pollishde for the nones:
 Their visage vernagde all with blacke,
 y blackte with colishe smeare
 So now vnknowne, that once in strates,
 so admirable were.
 Their ryueled skynnes, clongde to their bones,
 vnseparable be:
 Their cracklinge hydes, bristle and brasse,
 as dyed barke of tree,
 Better to dyde vppon the bladde,
 then perste with pynne to lye,
 In lingringe languour, and at lengthe
 for lacke of fode to dye.
 The mothers (els much pittisfull)
 did boyle their sucklings small,

Nazir & He-
 brye word sig-
 nifieth separa-
 ted: the trans-
 latours cal it
 the Nazireth,
 I thoughte
 better to call
 the strait lynes.

The waylynges

And eate them vp: so extream was
my doulfull peoples fal.
The lorde hath wroughte his wrathe at full,
and powzed out his ire,
And bzente A lion downe to the grounde,
with eger gryppinge fyer.
Pot kinges, or any man els wheare,
did euer thincke 't so,
That thzough Ierufalems stronge gates,
coude entre anie foe.
Pot sole Prophets, but prests haue set
God, in this chafinge moode,
Prests seruisable to Idols,
and gorde in blessed blood.
The blynde bloodmungers, blynde with blæd,
did straie the stræts aboute,
And when they coude not se the pathe,
beholde they trode it out.
Hence, bloodie wightes, hence (quod the foes)
fye, fye, awaye, awaie.
Touche nothing hence ye currishe bzuits
and make no more delaye.
Both parties chid, both parties stoznde,
some of the heathen sayed,
This people shall dwell here no more
the lorde will keepe them stayed,
The aufull countinaunce of God,
hath scattred them in sundre,
For euer meanes to mynde them more,
pardye, it is no woundre:
For they vnto the rosall prests,
woulde yeue none honoz due,
For on the grissled horpe fyers,
the retchlesse woulde not rue.
Whilste, that we lookde for our vaine hope,
our eye sighte gan to dase,

Such other-
woyle in the
Geneue byble

of Hieremie.

We lokde for landes that coulde not saue,
 nor rīde vs from the maze.
 They hunte, our steppes and trase vs, that
 in strētes we can not go,
 Our race is run, our dayes are don,
 and death will proue it so.
 Our persecutours, swifter then
 the Eagles of the skye,
 Chasse vs on mounts, and in deserts,
 in wayte for vs did lye.
 Our vitall stay, and steddie aide,
 Josiah noynted kynge,
 Our payre of sinne, and plage of payre,
 did vnto bondage bringe.
 Childe of Edom, that in Husse dwelt
 thou needes not carke nor care:
 For thou shalt pledge vs on this cup,
 thou shalt be druncke, and bare.
 Tision, that scourge of thyne is passe,
 God will no more eryle the,
 But Edoms chyld hath plagued thy sonnes,
 and shewde what did defyle the.

Attails staye
 in the Hebrue
 nosethills
 byeth.

Edom flow-
 red.

Geneue for
 bare sayethe
 vomit.

Edoms chyld
 the Romanes
 procradinge
 for the more
 deale of the
 Edomites.

The fyfth Chapter
 Jeremias prayr.

R Emembre Lorde what hath betide
 to vs beholde and see
 Our opprobryes, and what they are,
 and eke are lyke to be.
 Our heritaunce is cut of roote,
 and turnde to folke prophaine,
 Our houses by the aliauntes
 the barberousc is tayne.
 Our mothers (sillie as they be)
 like wydowes, lytt alone,

The prayer

Orphanes are we poze Orphanes we,
and father haue we none.
We boughte the water whiche we druncke,
for wood our coyne we payde,
Our neckes were hamperde vnder yoke,
restlesse fainte, and ill stayde.
To Egipte, and Assiria,
our hande of league we lentes:
That we might haue a final of bzed,
our carcas to contente.
Our parentes they transgresse thy law,
and now they are no more,
And we their burthynouse offence,
and masse of trespassse boze.
Slaves ruled vs, and none woulde ryd
vs, from their handes, and gynes
We earnde our bzead with extreme toyle,
and halarde of our lyues:
Because of wastefull sword that from,
the deserte did issue.
Our skinne is blacke throughte pauling pyne,
and lyke to soote in hne.
The wedded wyfes in Tlion towne,
were wickedlie defeilde,
And Judas virgins, were deflourde
(all chastitie erilde:
The princes and the poteritates,
are hanged by the handes,
No man in feare, or reuerence,
of elders bysage standes.
Our yonge men, lyke to bylaine thzawles,
in drudgerie did grinde,
Our children, (babes infortunat)
to gallowes were assignde.
The elders rauishte from the genesys,
the yonge men from their songes,

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of Hieremie.

Our loyful harte is gone, our daunce
is whyninge at our wronges.
Our glittringe crowne, our temple brane,
the lord did quyte fordoe,
Woe euer woe, and out alas,
that we haue sinned so.
Our hearte with sadnesse is surcharge,
our eyes can see no whit,
Because mounte Tſion is forſake,
and ſores run on it.
But thou, O Lord for euer ſtandes,
Aye duringe is thy throne,
Why doſte thou ſtil forſake vs, (Lord)
ſtil leauinge vs alone?
Turne, O Lord, turne thee vnto vs,
that we maye turne to thee,
And make our dayes as at the firſte,
from ſinne, and miſchiefes free.
But thou haſte clearely caſte vs of,
and mells wiſh vs no moze,
Thou arte no doubt (Lord) thoroughlie chaſte,
and angerde verie ſore.

L. g.

F I N I S.

¶ EPIGRAMMATA ANTE

duos annos conscripta.

*In obitum ornatiss. & spectatiss. feminae,
Domine Franciscæ quondam Suffolciæ Ducis
Carmen, non tam lugubritatis. quam lætitiæ
Plenum, quod tam piè sanctæq. mortem obierit.*

NOx hyemalis erat, pulso cum lumine Phæbi,
Sessor equos cursu liquit dictus anhelos,
Nectunc argenti pallantem cornibus ire
Cernere Phæben erat: non tardus plaustra Bootes,
Impulit, acturi non Labi cardine visi
Sunt summo spissus diffunditur vndique nigror.
Alta quies passim mortalia corda premebat:
Ipse soporiferum ducebam pectore somnum.
Ecce, ruit cælo, ventis & præpete penna
In thalamum diui interpret: (mirandaq; dictu)
Contundit pectus verbisq; ita fatur amicis.
Somno soluere, (ait) dulcem seclude quietem:
Luminibus lustratæ tacitis, corpusq; pererro
Immortale, volens multas prompsisse quærelas,
Quod, prius ausonios nequij gustare liquores:
Ille recusabat, seriemq; & tempora fandi.

Cinge

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 Cinge caput, grandi versu super astra locabis
 Franciscam, cui certa fides, cui vita pudica
 Immotas ponunt sedes, iustosque triumphos.
 Dixit: & extemplo nebulis caput occultit atris.
 Protinus, intonuere poli, se findit Olympus
 Numini mandantis diui, dispergitur æther.
 Hisce oculis vidi, Franciscam tecta subire
 Lucida, fulminei (ductante cohorte) tonantis
 Murmure tum vario, mistum crepat vndiq; cælū:
 Amphion fidibus canit, Orphæusq; sonoris
 Indulsit neruis, clarus testudine linus
 Personat, ingeminant cantus, tum conscius æther
 Et visus saltare fuit, & spargere murmur.
 Fas vidisse deos choreas ductasse, deasq;
 Passibus haud æquis sectari, & iungere dextras.
 Tunc reboare tubæ, crebris tum pulsibus æra
 Clangere ceperunt, nec non & pleetra sonabant.
 Cantor, ab ymbriferis ebuccinat arcibus. Euge
 Aduena, pone metum tectis succede beatis.
 Tunc musæ ceptare melos & fundere versus.

FRANCISCA DVX SUFFOLCIAE

Tellure corpus condidit,

Mens, aures tenet polos

Carnis soluta carcere.

His ita digestis, premitur tractabile cælum,
 Et scissæ coiere viæ, clausere meatus.

L. iij.

Tum,

Tum nostro lentum carmen sic crevit ab ore.
Euge, ter felix, quater ô beata,
Senties felix, gemino marito,
Stirpe ter felix, hominum voluptas.

Cura deorum.

*Mors quasi Sœcum Tantalo,
Impendens : Cic. de finibus. I.
Carmen glyconicum coriambicum.*

Mors, (ô) sæua, potens nimis,
O mors, mors, quid ages? quoue feres pedem?
Quâtos sæpe trahis, quanq; bonos præcipites viros?
Pergin dira? nec est modus?
Falcem cladiferam nemo ne reprimet?
Omnes tergeminû conspiciemus ne canem breui?
Sic stat numinibus ratum?
Sic parce voluerunt tetricæ? quid hoc?
Non môstri simile est? nemo supstes? dolor ô dolor?
(prôh), fuluo diademate
Reges conspicui, sanguinei duces,
Miles dira fremens corruerint, cum rutilo grege?
non circumdata tempora
Ambitumve caput fronde hederæ sacræ,
Victrix palma nequit nos spolijs ducere ab inferis,
fun

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fundabilis es dea:

Hæu, quam te memorem? quæisue parentibus
Cretam nonne, silex te genuit cautibus horridis?
formosas ne puellulas,

cordatosque viros, & iuvinem efferum,
Imbellesque senes, & memorè prelij anum rapis.
Fato, quàm premimur pari.

Oris nil decor ullus mouet auræ.

Dij nasci nihil est. stirpe sua nemo fugit necem,
mors est indocilis fugam.

Non vult illa nigro carmine pellicer.

Robor, tela, faces, tûs, lachrymæ, spretus honos iam
mors, æquo pede pulcitat (cet,

Turres magnificas: atq; humiles casas.

Nunc sternit vigiles, nûc, inopinos premit ad ma-

Quoquo, diffugias vagus, (nes.
aut vtcunq; latens occuleris caput,

Mors(en) certa comes omnibus horis grauis im-

Ergo, tunde Iouem prece (minet.

Qui quondam liquidos euoluit polos

Chao, quiq; suis limitibus cuncta coercuit,

qui sedes quatit inferum,

Ne mors cæde potens (cum sopor algidus

It per corpora) nos falce recurua vrgeat inscios.

L.iiij.

PRE

PRESENTED TO THE
QUEENES MAIESTIE BEING THEN
at Cambzodge, for the name of his degré.



Prince, extracte from haucie house,
 a Prince of pompeuse porte:
 Approcheth here, whose alincitours,
 triumphe in glories forte.
 Cum noble lustie Poets cum,
 strike vp in regall rate,
 To penne, to penne, pursue the chafe,
 ye haue a game of state.
 If, wit maye win a worthie name,
 if vertue purchesse praisse,
 If heauenlye hue deserue an hyer,
 her bruite then let vs blase.
 Eche Realme, doth bolste him of his prince:
 eache wypter doth aduaunee
 His soneraigne: then happie we,
 thyse: happie, is our chaunce,
 To whome the mightie puissant God,
 hath lente a Queene of pryce,
 Whose fame we iustly maye procure,
 vnto the cloude to ryle.
 What pleasaunte knynges, twyncklyng starres,
 what goddes of witte so greate,
 Coude fynde, for such excellent giffes,
 in place so small a seate:
 Well nature well, now maiste thou aduice,
 and pastyme for a tyme,
 For neuer shalt thou creature wyke,
 so quyte deuouide of crime.
 O, maye not we full rightly fearme,
 that sacred Royall byesse,
 A paradise, where chaste aduice,
 of godlinesse, doth reffe:

Ye kynges, that rule by seas and lande,
 and ye infernall ghostes,
 Beare wytnesse nowe, we haue a Queene,
 of whome our Ilande bothes.
 And Cambridge, nowe thou dost inclose,
 (hve thanks to hym above:.)
 A wyght, whome all the worlde adores,
 And God hym selfe dothe loue.



Dicite io vates, & io bis dicite vates,
 Elizabetha venit, nil nisi dicite io.
 Dicite io, Regina venit, regina moratur,
 Sedibus in nostris, nonne sonatis io?
 Audite vocesq; hominum, fremitusq; tubarum:
 Iupiter e caelis dicere visus io.
 Cernimus heroes, heroarumq; phalanges,
 Cernimus & claram plebe stupente deam.
 Clamet io, pandatq; vlnas Academia laetas,
 Ac clament villae, compita, rura, domus.
 Dicat io crebris pulsatus vocibus aether,
 Quamq; potest late personet axis io.
 Explicit exangues rugas queribunda senectus,
 Lata dies, fastis adyicienda dies.
 Sancta dies, intacta dies, caritura senecta,
 Caelicolis magnis magna colenda dies.
 Dicat io quicumq; dies superauit iniquos,
 Qui dia gaudet principe, dicat io.
 Nunc, Pater omnipotens, oculis nos aspicias equis,
 Nunc sumus ergo tui, vociferemur io.

TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
and moste noble Lorde, the Lord
Robert Dudley, Erie of Leicester.



I heare a pleasant penned verse,
Augustus tooke delyste:
And well allotwde, the wittes that could,
his prayles well indite.
From massie care of common wealthe,
ofte woulde he, for a space,
Translate him selfe, to interuewe,
and iudge a Poets grace.

Augustus nowe is dead and gone,
his fame hath sounde her wynges,
Of hym, the broode of Pegasse house,
and noble Muses synges.

If Englande had suche curious wittes,
that coulde in stately verse,

The factes, the seates of worthy wightes,
and royall gestes reherse:

Your lordshyps honour, should be made,
the myrrour of our tyme,
Because you loue to laye your lookes
vpon a Poets ryme.

Some mountynge wittes, that loue to mount,
and sooze aloofe in skie,

Bothe will and can arreate your fame,
and lodge it in the skie.

If we be not to rude vnkynde,

You and your golden yeares,

Wherin you lyue, shall geue assaunte
vnto the furthest eares.

Not onely we shall liue in you,
the daies that you dwell here,

Shall shine and shewe to other worlde,
in you sette forth the so clere.

A lewell, welcome to the worlde,
 by whom the worlde shall wynnne,
 And welcome to that happy age,
 wherein you dyd begynne:
 Pofte hartie welcome vnto vs,
 on your aduice dothe ftaye.
 The pondzous peple of publike weale,
 and vrgent weyghte ftaye.

Græc. & Lat. def.

IN ADVENTVM AMPLISSI

mi viri Domini Cecilli, equitis aurati Re-

ginae Maieftatis a secretis, & Cancellarii
 noſtri honoratiſſi.

Purima debemus multis, quid reddimus ergo?

Reddimus hoc vnum, poſſe, referre nihil.

Hos homines, debere ſibi, quis fecerit aſſis?

Debent, an ſoluant, poſſis habere nihil.

Carmina; dicuntur celo deducere lunam:

Traxerunt vates carmine ſaxa, ſeras.

Aſpicias, vt dictant verſus iuuenesq; ſenexq;?

Carmina ſi ſpernas, ſoluimus, ecce, nihil.

Carmina Mæcenæ, & carmina Cæſar amauit.

Carmina ſi ſpectes, carmine diues eris.

Conſilio polles, res hoc tibi publica debet:

Anglia te meriti commemoriſſe dece t.

Doctrina polles, atq; hoc tibi patria debet:

Culta doctrina: patria redde, tuum eſt.

Quod nos viciſti, debes academia ſoluas,

Aurea præſtantem defer ad aſtra virum,

Hospita

Hospita Iohannis quod te modo tecta receperant;
Hoc nos debemus, possumus atq. nihil.
Sed tamen, ingentes reddemus carmine grates,
Isto, si fas. sit nos munere modo.
Gratus es, & merito gratus, quicumq. tuorum
Intret Iohannis limina gratus erit.
Tu merito gratus, tu mænia suggeris ædis,
Nos nos nescimus, reddere, redde dius.
Redde Deus, cito redde deus, cito redde merenti,
Quid reddas tandem? præmia redde Deus,
Præmia, quæ possunt homines fecisse beatos
Quæ reddis diuis, præmia redde deus.

IN ADVENTVM EIVSDEM, HOI
noratissimæque eius coniugis.

SPlendidam lucem celebrant Mycenæ,
Qua, domum victor redit imperator,
Oppidum postquam Priami iacebat,
Littore truncus,
Gaudium magnum Menelaus, olim
Intulit Spartis, peregrè reu'rsus,
Quando, Neptuni cinis esset omne
Ilion ingens.
Sulcat inuitum mare vi deorum
Gloriam magnam referens Vlisses:
Rettulit laudes, reperitq. laudes
Præmia vitæ.

Gratus

*Tu refers famam, rediens celebrem,
Tu tibi iustos cumulas honores,
Gratus es nobis, iterumq; gratus,*

Magna Cecillæ

*Gratus aduentus dominae Cecillæ,
Nobilis, docta, pietate clara,
Coniugis clari, patris atq; clari*

Clara Cecillæ

Dignus (o) coniunx, domina Cecillæ:

Dignaq; (o) coniunx, domino Cecillo:

Vivat (o) vivat, valeatq; longum,

Dignus iterq;

In aduentum clariss. viri Thomæ Hennagii Epigramma.



*If that my penne could paynt my mynde
or wyt bewrap my wyll;*

*Then shold your worship know my thoughts
that lurke for lacke of skyll.*

*I would excuse my rashe attempt,
the noblesse of your name,*

*I would sette forth in wordes of weyght,
and fynely syled frame:*

*But eloquence she me denyes,
she dothe my hande repell:*

*And makes me shyynke to shewe myne arte,
to hym where arte dothe dwell.*

*Then blame your selfe, because I doo
indyte my mynde in felwe:*

*The simple Poetes, dare not hyde,
Pour heedfull learned betwe.*

Hustly

I lustly may mystrust my selfe,
 that haue a gyltie mynde:
And moſte mystruſte, when he is iudgde,
 that can the guylt vnwynde.
I felte a ſharpe and harde conſlite,
 in wrytyng of this rime:
Good wyll pricke on, rudeneſſe reclande,
 great ſtrugglyng for a tyme.
But, eche thyng hath at laſt his ende,
 aduaunſt hym good wyll tho,
And ſhame erlde, he hadde me wypte,
 the victor vrgde me ſo.
What ſtreyght, my baſe vnſpiced ſtyle,
 was ſubiecte to your ſyghte,
Whiche ought not once to touche your ſteppes,
 vnwoꝛthy there to lyghte.
But geue hym leane, by gyfte of verſe,
 his meanyng to eſcrite:
Whoſe handes, to preſent prouder price,
 his power dothe denye.
And geue me leaue in ſyne to ſaye,
 thysle welcome to this place
Welcome, for ſhape, welcome for ſkyl,
 welcome for ancient race.

To the ſame.

S Emper, ego tacito modulabor carmen in antro?
 Quid mea num ſoli carmina facta mihi.
 Pana per, & nymphas, procul, o procul iſte camena,
 Cordi ſit vobis, ire per ora virum.
 Ite leues elegi, letæ fulſere calende,
 Ite leues eligi, regia turba venit.
 Scilicet, optatis mecum latitare parente?
 Num iuuat occultos præteryiſſe dies?

Cernetis

Cernetis procures, operit quos tinea vestis;
 Agmen, quod tellus ferre superbit, erit;
 Forsitan, est aliquis, manibus qui sumet amicis;
 Nonne sub hoc casu diluuisse pudet?
 Auratas inter turmas, Hennagius heros
 Infert se socium, mania nostra petens.
 Illius ad vultus, cantos vos tendite gressus
 Et cura tantam sit subiisse manum.
 Audacem, verum si dixerit esse poetam,
 Ad me (confessa crimina) ferte pedem.

TO THE DUKES GRACES
 Departynge.

A Kyle reporte dothe runne abroade,
 that fame hath sethered wynges;
 By heale pe wherof, from eare to eare,
 posthalte the goddesse flinges.
 An harbynger, oft tymes to wight,
 to speedle in her flight,
 She flynges and friskes, throug landes and seas,
 the neuer lones to light.
 O fame, where dydste thou then solozne?
 Inuironde in what place,
 Wasse thou: that we in no wise knewe,
 the comynge of his graces:
 His worthie noble princely grace,
 whose marttall seates of warre,
 whose high attemptes, and hardle handes,
 dothe fraie his foes from farre,
 If vnderstandynge had ben geuen,
 yt thou hadste sayd the worde.

The Duke shall come, that daltant Duke,
That weeldes the weakefull sworde,
So penne, no poet shoulde haue leaste,
nerte to the very beste,
In trymme attyre, of sundry tounge,
his praise we woulde haue dresse.
Then beare with vs, (O famous prince)
Your commynge was not knowne,
Though verses ebbe, yet loue aboundes,
our heartes is all your owne.

Ad eundem.

Non nisi grandisoni capient tua gesta cotburni:
Omnia, non factis carmina digna tuis.
Nec tamen, est quisque, quin gestit nomina tanti
Principis, exiguis vel coemisse modis.
Urget tantus amor: stimulas sic vsq; poetas.
Tantum debemus, virq; senexq; tibi.
Illa dies merito, nobis celebranda fuisse,
Qua, nobis visus ceperat esse tui.
Versibus illa dies caruit, letisq; canentis.
Nullius & calamo claruit illa dies.
Splendeat ista dies, qua membra nostra relinquis,
Alterius laudes, auferat ista dies.
Aduentum tacui: discessum laudibus ornari
Non potui salue dicere: dico vale.

Quaestio

107
QUESTIO PRIMA IN CO-

mittis nostris Disputata

A NNO Domini. M. D. L. XV.

Corpus Christi non st ubiq.

Brentius, longo memorandus aeo,
calluit magni sacra iura Christi,
Perperam, Christi tamen esse dixit

Corpus ubiq.

Calluit Luther, retulit salutem,
Retulit Christum, repulitq; Papam,
Fregit, & stravit male sciuntis

cornua monstri

Fregit errores, coluitq; lucem,
Antesignanus, tulit ille palmam:

Quin, & audacter satanam Tyrannum

fregit ouantem.

Attamen, res est, magis (o) Dolenda

Nescit magnum columnen salutis,

Quo modo Christus solet usq; sacrum

frangere panem.

Credidit, corpus simul exhiberi:

Credidit, panem simul exhiberi:

Corpus, & panem, simul esse posse

scripta reclamant.

Inde, turbatus nisi tradidisset,

sedibus multis simul esse corpus:

Terminos dixit, Domini

cingere nullo.

Hereses cernis, quasi fime necti,

Cernis, & cautè docuisse Priscos,

si quid absurdi dabis, inde perq;

multa sequuntur.

ENT

M.

Brentius

Brentius, ceriè male somniauit,
Ipse Lutherus titubauit ingens,
Cuncta cognosci sua Christus olim

noluit illis.

Cinglius vidit tenebras relictas,
Vidit, & sensit tenebras opacas,
Rebus ut fractis voluit mederi:

concidit ense.

Oecolampas
dius.

Lux Domus vidit remanere lucem,
Obuiam multis facile sequacem,
ἐν θεοῖς libris studuit vetustis.

ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα

Veritas, luxit radiis benignis,
Vidit, & scripsit nequissime multis,
ὁ ὧμα τῶ χειρὶς ἐμεν ἄγε ἄρθου

τοῖσι τόποισι

Augustinus.

Corpus humanum, nequit esse multis
in locis: Christi δὲ μᾶς ἐστὶ τόπος,
καὶ πᾶσι ἐνδοξου, μόνου ἀνδρός ἐν αἰ-

ὁ ὧμα λέγει οὕτως

Basilus.

Corpus, aut christi τόπου implet omnem:
Implet aut certam propriamq; sedem:
Termino certo nisi posset esse,

ἐστὶ θεῖον

Vigilius.

χρὼς θεῶς, si non teneatur vno
In loco certo, Deus est κῆρτις ὅς:
Sanguinem, carnem θεὸν esse credis?

ὕψος ὁ δὲ

Act. Apost. 3.

suscipit coelum Domini, το ὧμα,
Cingitur (quid nī?) μεγάρτοις Patris
spiritus, vires tamen vnde quaq;

fundis, opemq;

Ti*us* fundo, stetit arbor olim.
Arboris radix stetit illa fundo
Mecum struncum, patulosq; ramos

fundus habebat.

Arboris, quisnam Dominus d*ix*it
T*u*us: qui sic i*us*, mansit eius
Prædixit radix: Erit eius, ergo,

arbor & usus

Corpus in cælis, o*mn*is ergo Christus,
Numinis vires penetrant abissus,
Sol manet cælis, radii solares

ἐνθα καὶ ἐνθα

Numen in terris, neq; corpus illic,
Corpus ἐνδοξον, velut ante θν*η*τον,
Terminos novit, propriumq; χ*ω*ρον:

cingitur ergo

Trinitas esset, siquidem vel unq;
T*u*s capax χ*ω*τος foret illa quanta:
At capax Christus, capit ille corpus

feritq; refertq;

Ergo

Claudetur ille terminis.
Ubique non erit uagus,
Diunitas est libera,
Sed corpus intercluditur.
τὸ σ*ώ*μα χ*ρ*ι*σ*τ*ο*ῦ
ὁικεῖται αὐτὸν, ἔργον.

Iustinianus.

Theodoretus.

Ciryllus.

QVESTIO

Gratiam fides, fidem Dilectio sequitur.



Vid Iudæa dapes, Babilō, quid mænia iactas?

Quid iuvat hoc meruisse decus?

Quid, Sāp*son* gaudes: quod amas, tuā gaudia

Te tua robora magna prement.

Collet.

M.ij.

Sanle

Saule, retro propera, ferro petiture Damascum.

Quam cito corrui altus equo:
Ἀνθρώπων iacent. sunt o, sunt numina cæli:

Gratia magna petenda Dei est.
Posse Deus facit hos, liber quos spiritus afflat.

Est opus improbitatis homo:
Nil facit ille boni, sed suggerit omnia felix

Τὸ μεγαλοῖο θεοῖο χάρις.
Credere qui poteris, per te qui numina nescis?

Gratia numinis ante fidem.
Illa beat quos vult, quos vult facit illa fideles:

Prodiga, fontis & instar aque.
Nascitur inde fides, Dilectio nascitur inde:

Hæc q̄, piam docet esse fidem.
Si volumus, nostram meritis expendere causam:
obruimur numero scelerum.

Sola fides liquidis superauerit æthera pennis,
(sed tamen illa probata Deo)

Sola fides, Domini si sit substantia Christi,
Quodq̄ semel pateretur homo:

Quodq̄ velit solus, quod possit, crimina solus,
Demere maximus ille Deus.

Gratia, deinde fides, Dilectio claudit utramq̄
filia posteriore loco.

Ἐννεκα ἐλπίδος καὶ πίστεος ἐννεκα μᾶλλον.

τὰ, ἢ ἀνθρώπων τῷ χερσὶν ἔα θεῷ.

Ἀνθρώποι βροταῖοι ἔα μέλι μὰτ ἀρεσκαι

φύρεται, ἀλλὰ μὴ εἰς δόξαν.

Δῶρεα ἠγάλημ, ἀτρείδην δῶρ' ἱλασμεν.
ἐν φρέσιν αμφοτέρω παυέτορ αἶψα νότον
Ἀλλ' ἔκ τάντα θεῶ μιγαδύμω ἀνιάνει οὐτα
διδομένοισι μίσει, τόνδε δίδουτ' ἀβλέπει.
ὄρκαον ἢ πίσις χαρίτω, καὶ συμβόλον, αὐτὸ
ἔμμεθναί οἶδα θεόν, πίσυρα εἰσδε θεόν.
ἔσι χάρις πρῶτη, ἔχομεν μηδὲν θεοῦ ἔκτος
αὐτῷ ἀκύναν ἀνθ' πίσεος ἀδινάτον.
ἔσι χάρις πρῶτη, ἢ πίσις δουτέρα ἔσι,
δουτ' ἀτὴν ἢ ἀγάπην, μνηύει ἀνδρὰ καλὸν.
μνηύει ἢ ἀγάπην, ἀγάπῃσιν πότνια μητὴρ
πίσις, πρῶτόγονον τέκνον ἔτι κτε φίλον.
Πᾶμαλα πάις ἀγάπην χραίσμην τ' μητέρως ἀμφίη
λυσιτέλει πίσις, νόσφ' ἰδὲ τ' ἀγάπης.
Πᾶμπρῶτον θεός, ἀν' χάρις, ἀν' τότε πίσις
ἀναγκῆς ἀγάπην ἦν προέπεμψε τάγῳ.

Hesl. Cat. de sume.

Δῶρον μὲν οὖν θεοῦ πόμοις ἢ καλῶς
ῥάρος μονόδοτε κυρίως,
αὐτὸς χάρις μεγίστη, λῶσθαι καὶ πρόμην,
νῦν πίστις εὐθὺς ἐσπέτ'.
Τέμνωρ φιλανθρωπία σεμνῆς πίστεω,
ἅπαντα σεμνὰ σωτέλει.

Ad Heskins, quod Do. Iuellum laci
vel ut Heskins malit detruncati
textus incusat.

HEschynus iccirco textum truncasse Iuellum,
Omnia quod textus, non referebat, ait.

Mij.

Artl

Artificem pulchrum: Quasi, cognita verba tacere,
Detruncare fiet: quis nisi truncus ait?
Credidit haud truncis, sese scripsisse Iuellus,
Hunc tu fallebas Heschine, truncus eras.
Hauditerum falles, tecum quicumq; loquetur,
Cautus (cuncta suo verba citare loco)
Ac si cum puero, vel trunco res ageretur,
Nil non in fauces, ingeret ille tuas,
Adscribi possit notissima verba Deinde
Doctor: si nescit, quid nisi truncus erit:
Plures hoc norunt, ergo si percipis ipse:
Et petis adscribi: sic quoq; truncus eris.
Inconsultus homo, fors Heschynus, Aeschinus alter
Plus satis insanit, negligit atq; pater.
Romanus Mitio, scelerum sacer ille magister,
Dedocet esse bonos, te docet esse malum.
Heschine, quin scortaris, ait, quin sculptile fingis?
Sculptile quin deamas: me patre gnate potes.
Non est hoc vitium: saltem me iudice non est.
Vtere tam belli commoditate patris.
Exordire dolos, facundum consule pectus?
Aut dolus aut virtus, tu meditare dolos.
His ego vel solis, terras ac tartara vicini
Non aliter, gnati conualuere mei.
Sedulus hoc hortor, per viscera (chare) parentis
Praestes praecepti summa sit ista mei:
Omnes quo fallas, mendacia plurima sperge,

Sic

Sic prodesse mihi, sic meus esse potes.
 Sic solet hæc Mitio. Non Heschinus vlla moratus,
 Tam comica vocis perantinos esse cupit.
 Protinus exclamat, textum truncasse Iuellum.
 Heus primo mendax? Heschine patris eris.
 Heschinus (obscuri vix cæde cruentus Echyni)
 Præfulis an nostri, cæde cruentus erit?
 Nugarumq; potens, coniuratusq; getarum,
 Terribilis, nostram cogitat ipse necem.
 Sæuiat ille, suis centum comitatus Echinis.
 Si non truncus erit, sæuus Echinius erit.
 Heschinus, Hardingus, Dorman, Rastal, Stapleton,
 Multa edunt multis, ne videantur övoi.
 Heschinus, hæretici scribant, quæ quantaq; possint,
 Iurent se sanctos, catholicosq; viros
 ἄλλοις καθολικοῖς τοῖς ἀνδράσι νόσιμον ἡμᾶς.
 O bene, quod nunq; νόσιμον ἡμᾶς erit.

FINIS.

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